WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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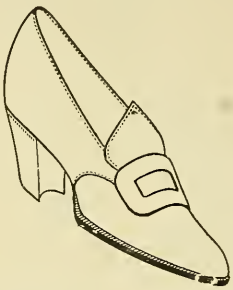

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The Wellesley College News

Entered at the Post Office in Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

VOL. XX. WELLESLEY, JANUARY 4, 1912. No. 12

THE PARTY.

"THIS is one of those corners of the universe," he wrote on, "in which any man could find an outlet for his heart's desire. The regular farm life, with all its insistent routine as well as its picturesqueness would be what you would see in it, my literal sister. I know that within one or two days' time you would find your daily joy in sloshing back and forth in the wet garden all the 'forenoon,' picking the peas and corn, or sharing in the weekly baking, or cheering the daily drudgery with some such effective help.

"As for me—I brazenly confess it, I am having a heavenly time being a drone. I am feasting my city-tired eyes on sunny hills that seem to rim the world in all about us with their pasture lands or their mysterious, living woods. The whole countryside dips into deep little valleys and rises quickly again into triumphant, rock-crowned hills wherever the eye wanders, with a vigor of outline that is very refreshing. In the midst of it all stands our sedate old homestead, and that you would love—it is so white and sunshiny on the outside and just as tidy and airy within. To be sure 'our Joe,' as they call the 'boss,' and the farm men use the kitchen as a constant thoroughfare, and everything from torn straw hats to ox-whips may mark their trail. But Miss Mattie is just as unrelenting in her orderliness as you are, and the pies never seem to burn or run over, no matter how often she stops to 'set the men's things just out in the work-house!'

"I wonder how my chief friend in the household, Mrs. Fenley, would impress you? I think you would love her. You would appreciate, I know, her corner in the living-room, with its three sunny, snowy-curtained windows filled with ferns and ivy and flowers. And here, when she is not busy about the house, she sits in her flowered rocking-chair with the high back, and tats or winds rags for rag rugs, or skilfully reseats chairs with heavy string or strips of some stout stuff or other.

"As she sits in this old homestead living-room, filled now with essentially modern furniture, and gazes quietly out past the swaying hollyhocks and larkspur, I sometimes wonder whether the sunlit hills are not dearer to her than to others, through an intimate sense of their age.

"Well, well, I must stop my dreaming. Supper was over some time ago, and it occurs to me that even the muffled clatter of dish-washing is no more. This is the hour when I love best to find myself one of the family circle.

"Good-night, and another good week to you. Don't worry about either my health or my painting; this life is doing both an infinite amount of good."

The writer closed the letter, blew out his candle and stood for a few silent moments looking out at his open window on the soft dimness of the world in the early starlight. It was the hour that he loved best out-of-doors as well as in.

As he entered the living-room he saw that the soft yellow light from the center-table lamp included within its hovering circle the other members of the family.

"Well," spoke up Miss Mattie cheerfully, looking up from the broom covers that she was making, "it's a blessin' to ketch sight of a peaceful face like yours, Mr. Norris, I must say! Joe here's jest as crotchety as ever—the whole day gone wrong. Not's I blame him, truth to tell. One whole load of hay fell—how was it, Joe, it fell? Here, Mr. Norris, this chair sets easiest."

But Mr. Norris did not take the big chair that was wriggled toward him crab-wise; he crossed the room and brought out a rather shabby backgammon board from a low stand behind Mrs. Fenley's chair. Mrs. Fenley laid aside her tatting with an assenting smile and smoothed out her lap to receive the board. The rubber of backgammon was the social event of the day for Mrs. Fenley, and she always prepared for it by running her wrinkled hands tentatively over her kerchief and the little scrap of lace, with its quaint pendant side-tabs, which capped her silvery hair.

As Norris drew in his chair and set about sorting out the pieces, "our Joe" was saying,

"An' then we were with a storm in the sky an' two fields not even stacked yet—an' the first load dumped! 'F I c'd sense what fool man loaded thet wagon so's 't would dump all over the road an' keep th' other two right behind it to get rained on out there! Ef I just could! An' if 't wan't hay 't 'ud be somethin' else."

"Joe, a sight of contrary things happen to you, seems to me," remarked Miss Mattie, with one eye and her mouth screwed up in the process of threading her needle.

"Well, you'd think so, ef on top o' that the whole kit and boodle of them summer boys an' girls hed come askin' fer the big team to take them to a par-

ty—an' none of them c'n drive the big team. You know they can't, Mat."

"There!" came Mrs. Fenley's eager voice. "That's another of your men gone, Mr. Norris!—What party are they goin' to, Joe?"

"Some old-fashioned dress-up thing over the hill, ez I hear; ever'body's goin'. They's too many parties these days, anyhow," and, grumbling, he subsided behind a newspaper.

The little old lady cast him a glance that was half scornful, half wistful.

"Mebbe they didn't hev lots of parties when you were young, nephew," she said, "but in my day—ah!" And that indrawn breath and her bright eyes told Norris how she had loved them.

"Did you dance at them, Mrs. Fenley?" he asked, as he picked up her dice for her.

"Oh, yes," she told him, "though I don't s'pose you'd call it real dancin' now. It's a long while sence I went to a dancin' party."

"Then we must have an old-fashioned—a—a 'girlhood' party, and you and your friends show us how to really dance—oh, Mrs. Fenley," he urged enthusiastically, "wouldn't you?"

The wrinkled old hands gathered up the dice very slowly.

"No, it wouldn't be the same, Mr. Norris. There ain't one of my girlhood friends this side of the grave." Her voice grew a little muffled, and dropped till Norris could hardly make out that she was talking to herself.

"No, not one single one left," she was saying, "no matter how often you make b'lieve they are. Not Judith, nor dear 'Liza—nor—" The low voice trailed off into silence. Norris glanced at "our Joe;" he was sound asleep, and his limp hand seemed to be holding his pipe by nothing but magnetism. Miss Mattie was inspecting her last broom-cover critically.

"That does put me in mind though, Aunt Fenley," she said, as she folded up her work for the night, "that you an' Joe an' I're all wanted at the party. An' you, too, Mr. Norris—ever'body. Young Mis' Ansell's havin' it, an' she calls it an 'old-fashioned neighborhood' party. It's fer young an' old. It'll be a gre't fuss to ever find clothes enough—old-styled ones, you know—but it'll be right nice to see ever'body else's. I mind I used to love to dress up so—years ago. You'd ought to get a sight o' pleasure out of it, aunt," she ended, with a kindly thoughtfulness.

"Oh, I love parties," answered Mrs. Fenley, with recovered brightness, "an' it's real nice of Mis' Ansell to want me. A neighborhood party ought to be real nice, too. But I don't know—I don't know's I set gre't store by an old-time party without old-time people. You see how it is," she added a little anxiously to Norris, for she knew that he understood.

Finally it came, the morning of the famous neighborhood party, and there certainly was "a gre't fuss" to sort out of all the trunkfuls of old clothes those that would go at all together. Miss Mattie's patience was almost exhausted. She had been lending things from her attic to nearly everyone in the community, it seemed to her, but she had saved out enough for costumes for Mr. Norris, Joe and herself. Mrs. Fenley, thank fortune! was "doing" her own.

"Miss Mattie!" Norris called despairingly in the midst of his morning smoke on the back porch. An oven door slammed; and then a business-like voice issued tartly through the kitchen window.

"Well?" it said.

"I can't be a deacon, I haven't any bell hat. And deacons always wore bell hats—you know they did, Miss Mattie."

"Oh, Mr. Norris!" called a voice from the garden, at these words; and Norris left the back porch and wandered down to join Mrs. Fenley among the flowers. Her faded blue sun-bonnet bobbed here and there above and among the rose-bushes, and the bee laden hollyhocks, in their languid swaying, cast faintly-scalloped shadows across her folded white kerchief and her white morning apron, as her hands busied themselves with pruning, straightening, tying up, and all the other absorbing garden duties. Norris had stood there for some minutes in silence before she turned and caught the affectionate smile in his eyes. Her own smiled back with the friendliness of a kindred spirit, despite the wrinkles that surrounded them.

"You shall be a deacon," she told him right away, "f'r I know I have a bell hat of my father's. You come up garret with me till I find it."

"Oh, fine! I knew I was destined to be a deacon, Mrs. Fenley, and you are an instrument of providence! Let me take your watering-pot to the tool house, and tell Miss Mattie on the way that I have the hat. I'll meet you up garret."

When he pushed open the attic door a few minutes later he found Mrs. Fenley laying things out from her own little old trunks with an absorbed care. Norris' eyes grew tender as he watched her smooth each dress so caressingly before she laid it down. Finally she held up a pair of white, almost heelless slippers.

"Those," she told him a little wistfully, "are my wedding slippers; and I've danced in them, too. I b'lieve I c'd wear them now!"

With hands that trembled a little, she thrust off the slippers that she was wearing and actually succeeded in drawing on the others. She rose quickly to her feet and put off her apron, and Norris drew

back into the shadows and the cobwebs to watch. Her eyes shone softly and her cheeks were quite pink with daring as she began to dance.

The sun slanted dimly across her silvery hair and the cap with its gently-moving tabs, and across the whiteness of her kerchief. Though her fingers were wrinkled and twisted, yet she held out her full skirt at each side with girlish grace; and girlish, too, was the grace of her curtsies, the turn of her lace-capped head and her demure pirouette. A more enchanting sight Norris had never seen. When, the spell being broken, she ran back to the trunk in confusion and tried to laugh at herself and her "nonsense," he led her back into a sober happiness by saying earnestly,

"Don't—please, dear 'Aunt' Fenley." And then there was silence until she thrust the black bell hat into his hand with a gay little smile and sent him on down-stairs with it. But she did not go down for a long while.

That evening, on one side of the supper table sat an austere young deacon with very large shoe-buckles and an imposing bell hat. And on the other side sat a sweet little old lady in her own wedding-dress of watered silk, blackish blue in color. The snowy, transparent fichu had long lain in lavender, whose essence mingled delicately with that of the mignonette now held in her brooch. Joe and Mattie were going to have their supper before they dressed, and would come to the party a little late; but Mrs. Fenley was eager to be off at once, and Norris was very willing.

"Now, here's my mantle—I wore it to ride over to my husband's home in," she said gayly. "Blue velvet didn't fall out the sky those days—but my father said I sh'd have it. There, now, we're ready!"

"If you see me start to go home real early you musn't come too, Mr. Norris. I—I often get headaches at parties, like's not."

He gave an encouraging little pat to the hand on his arm and smiled down at her.

"At old-fashioned parties, you mean," he teased, and she confessed with a tremulous little laugh. The next minute they were in the house.

There was a long, wide room with a majestic fireplace along one side, and a high-boy, a spinning-wheel and several carved chairs, the envy of the country round. The mantel was banked with sumach and bitter-sweet, the corners adorned with pine boughs above and great ferns below. A few people had gathered already—one or two belles of Civil War days; more than one demure maiden who was wearing not her own wedding gown, as was Mrs. Fenley, but her grandmother's—gowns whose sheer simplicity exchanged with their present wearers their own half-veiled visions of sweet, long-ago romance, for the joy and zest of present youth. Gentlemen appeared—gay young dandies in flowered waistcoats and silken hose; dominies in horn spectacles and carpet-slippers, moving seriously among little maids, in raptures over the wide-spread skirts and properly flounced overdresses of their first party frocks. Deep courtly bows everywhere responded to sweeping curtsies. Pert young ladies in frills and flounces flirted with new ardor when they found their shy suitors blossomed out in all the grandeur of powdered wig, or stocks and lace ruffles. Everywhere the witching reminders of old days dispelled neighborhood troubles and spites in the geniality of neighborhood reminiscences. Here a quaint little woman in a very old-timey flowered dress, a funny formal little bonnet with tall flowers nodding wirily above it, and large green spectacles, chatted with a discreet old parson. And then by the door a tall man with an immovably ferocious face, in scarlet regimentals, with his great sword clanking at his heels, doffed his cockaded hat, with its white plumes, gallantly to those who passed him.

The evening flew along in gaiety and long-forgotten memories. The older ladies delighted in describing to the younger generation just how and when their mothers and grandmothers had worn the gowns they now saw, and what bonnets and ribbons once went with them. The girls were being told how much they "favored" their ancestors when they dressed their hair low and wore flowered prints and sprigged muslins.

If a certain bell-crowned deacon hovered near a roomy, high-backed chair which held a dear little old lady in a lace cap with tabs, and was surrounded with people, the little lady did not know it. Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were flushed with excitement and happiness. She was wholeheartedly absorbed in renewing her intimacy with the clothes of the neighborhood of her day. She hardly looked at the people's faces, for the familiar clothes breathed out their own personalities to her, and she overlooked the identities of the actual wearers with happy success.

Finally the evening was over, and Norris presented himself before the bright-eyed little woman. She sank back for a moment into the depths of her great chair and let her eyes feast themselves on the dear scene. Then she let him help her on with her "mantle;" they took their leave, and found themselves walking home in silence among the shadows of the moonlight. The lofty dark woods on either side of the road, and all the quiet outlying hills that dipped now into silvery, mist-filled valleys, accentuated the stillness and sustained the charm so that neither spoke. Then Norris, as he lifted his bell

hat and held open the little gate for her, asked softly,

"Well?"

Mrs. Fenley held her hands tightly together for a moment before she answered.

"Well," she breathed earnestly, "I've spent all this evening with my girl friends—talking clothes! I declare I don't b'lieve I was ever meant to be so happy as this!"

Norris watched her eyes shining in the moonlight, and his own dimmed a little as she turned and smiled rapturously at him.

"I—I could have burst out crying any minute," she told him tremulously, and turned away and hurried into the house.

HARRIET BEECHER DEVAN, 1913.

TWILIGHT.

Slow sinks the sun behind the Western hills;
Softly the swallow twitters to her mate;
With silent haste the bee darts home, late
From meadows where the lonely cricket thrills.
The dropping dew the flower-cup richly fills
With jewels to greet the Morn in festal state,
When Dawn first opens wide her golden gate;
But now they lie unseen. The laborer tills
The fruitful field no more. No noise is heard,
Stilled even is the song of the latest bird.
Twilight comes forth from out the deepening gloom
Of forests old, and weaves upon the loom
Of daily life her thread of hush and peace,
That for a moment bids man's turmoil cease.

DORIS FENTON, 1913.

THE SPELL.

AN air of desertion brooded over the place. The white sand of the yard, usually as clean and bare as a ballroom floor where it was visible between the jasmine bushes and clumps of flowering shrubs, was covered with berries from the mock-orange trees and the fluted petals of the crape-myrtle, that drifted down in rosy clouds with every breath of air stirring the branches. The green blinds and the big double doors were closed and barred. The ivy and the climbing roses were sending runners over porch, roof, windows, everywhere they could get foothold, and nature seemed to have claimed the place for her own.

Yet on this morning in early May the house seemed strangely aloof from its quiet, gray world, and its white columns refused to surrender themselves to the mist that rose around them. You would have said, if they had been alive, that they were waiting for someone, something. The very air was charged with their mute appeal, and Uncle Noah, driving by on his way to town, was more than usually disturbed as he looked up at the house. "Pore ole place, hit knows they'se all gone, an' pears eah hit's jest a-pinin' fer some o 'em to come back. Marse Jamie had orter come back. Ef he c'd see hit, he shorely would."

He shook his gray head, and drove on down the sandy road in his ramshackle old buggy. But somehow he couldn't get the house out of his mind; so, after he had transacted all his business at the one "department" store the town boasted, he walked over to the "hotel," an unpainted frame building, with a veranda running the width of the house. Here he found, as he had expected, Mr. Henry Timmons, the old family lawyer, reading the Charleston Courier. Mr. Timmons greeted him cordially, and after asking about Mirandy, the children, the crops, etc., said, "Well, Noah, how does the old place look this spring?"

"Hit shore do look bad, Marse Henry. You 'member how Mis' Em'ly peaked an' pined atter Marse Jamie went off to school? Well, de ole house looks jest lak she did. Hit's enough ter mek you cry. Ef Marse Jamie doan come back, I b'lieve somethin' about dat place'll die."

"Oh pshaw! Noah, your superstitions are running away with you. How can a place have any feelings, or look peaked, as you say? You need some spring tonic."

"Ef you doan b'lieve me, Marse Henry, you jest come out an' see fer you'self. Mis' Em'ly 'd know, an' I b'lieve she do know. Ef Marse Jamie knew, he'd jes' hatter come back."

"You know, Noah, that your old Marse Carrington did not want the boy to come back, because he thought it best for him to stay away, and would you want all his wishes to be unfulfilled? You know as well as I do what sacrifices he made to keep James in college, and how proud he was of the boy's record. We ought not to do anything to ruin the work that he spent his life perfecting."

"I knows all dat, Marse Henry, an' I knows about Marse Ca'in'ton's disapp'intment in hisself, when he lef' Washin'ton an' come back to Greenwood. I knowed all he plans an' all he troubles. Warn't I wif him ever sence we wuz bof boys? But I tell you, Marse Henry, hit ain't no use tryin' ter go agin' natur. They'se never bin a Montgomery yit 'at cud stay 'way fum Greenwood. I knows dat, an' Mis' Em'ly knowed it, but she didn't say much, cause 'pears lak hit make Marse Ca'in'ton mad an' sad, too. Marse Jamie done stayed 'way de longes' time any uv 'em did, but he's bleeged ter come back sometime."

"Well, you might as well get these foolish notions out of your head, Noah, for Mr. James Montgomery is going to break the spell, if there ever was any. I have a letter from him here," fumbling in his breast-pocket, "that says he has about decided to sell the place to Mr. Gilbert, who has been after it ever since your old marse died. You see your spell is not as potent as you thought it." This last was said a trifle sadly, for Mr. Timmons hated to see Greenwood pass out of the hands of the family he had known and loved all his life. But as he noticed the expression on Uncle Noah's face, he hastened to defend the son of his old friend. "After all, why shouldn't he sell Greenwood? It is sadly in need of someone to look after it, and he cannot afford to keep it up and live elsewhere. This coming back here to live is out of the question. Why, what could he do here? A man of his talents and ability is needed to work for the country, and you know very well, Noah, what effect the very air of Greenwood has upon one, and how useless it is to attempt to do any great work and stay there."

"'Pends on what you call great, Marse Henry," said the old negro, who seemed to have grown older and weaker since the news that Greenwood might be sold. "They'se plenty uv work Marse Jamie cud do about the ole place, an' dat's de kin' uv work he wuz meant ter do. He's de only one 'at c'n give Greenwood what it needs, an' ef he trys to turn he work over to enybuddy else dere won't be no blessin' on enythin' else he 'tempts ter do."

With this Uncle Noah turned away, unheeding what further Mr. Timmons had to say to him, and shambled off to the hitching-post, where his little old gray mule awaited him, patiently chewing a

wisp of hay and flapping her long ears drowsily. As he unhitched Jinny and stowed away his purchases in the bottom of the buggy, Noah kept muttering to himself, "I wouldn't a' thort it uv Marse Jamie," and "Won't no good come uv it." Still repeating these two sentences to himself, he climbed awkwardly into the buggy, and it went creaking off down the hot, sandy road. Perhaps, in his agitation, Uncle Noah had neglected to make sure that the harness was all secure, or perhaps it had served its purpose as long as it could; at any rate, before the queer old vehicle had gotten very far out of town the rusty bit of wire that held the old-fashioned yoke together around Jinny's neck snapped, the yoke slipped, but was held on by the rest of the harness, and so was left free to thump against poor Jinny's chest. With each thump the bit of wire dug into her neck, until the poor animal was frantic with pain, and since her master did not pay the least bit of attention to her, she took matters into her own hands, and—what had never before occurred in the whole course of her existence—Jinny bolted.

Aunt Mirandy, over the tubs in her clean little back yard, began to wonder why her spouse tarried so late in town. "'T'ain't 'lections, an' 't'ain't no holiday, nur dey ain't no trains to be met dese days. What's got into dat old Noah ter stay in town so late? Mus' be gwine back ter his old habits. He's bin right quiet an' stiddy sence de old place's bin shet up, but I reckon he's stood it jes 'bout es long es he cud. Orter hev more sense, an' him so ole!"

But as Uncle Noah didn't appear for dinner, and the sun began to get low in the sky without any sign of a little gray mule harnessed to a crazy old buggy, with the old negro nodding over the reins, Aunt Mirandy got truly frightened, until finally, not able to stand the stillness and inactivity of waiting any longer, she started out down the road. She had walked over half the distance to town before she saw a familiar figure grazing by the road. Surely that was Jinny! but where was Noah? He couldn't have forgotten to fasten the mule up, and she had started home without him? No, for there was no buggy, and the harness—why, the harness was all gone, too, except for the bit and a broken piece of rein than dangled from it! Aunt Mirandy's heart almost stopped beating, and she sped down the road as fast as her size would permit. For once she scarcely noticed whether she was in the sand or on the hard clay road. A turn of the road brought her in sight of what she had dreaded, yet expected to see. The buggy, given to Noah by his old master when he went to bring Mirandy to Greenwood to be his wife and Mis' Emily's maid, had made its last trip. Beneath its wreck, totally unconscious, lay Uncle Noah, his black face streaked with blood and dust, and his left arm crumpled under him. Mirandy lost no time in freeing him from the debris of the buggy, but when she had done that, and the old man failed to respond to any of her calls or efforts to arouse him, her wits left her entirely, and she sank down in the sand beside him, moaning and wringing her hands. There is no telling how long she might have stayed there carrying on in this fashion, if a farmer had not passed that way on his way home from one of his fields. He recognized Mirandy, and succeeded in arousing her sufficiently to answer his questions. By his orders, and with his assistance, Mirandy carried Noah a little distance from the road to a spring, and bathed his face. The cold water revived him, and in the joy of seeing her husband alive again, Mirandy almost forgot that he might have serious injuries. He had been stunned by striking a rock with his head, but this wound proved to be very slight. His left arm, however, was fractured, and he was so weak from the shock and the pain that he could not walk. Good old Mr. Johnson, the farmer, caught Jinny, her unwonted spirit having disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, and helped Mirandy set Noah on the mule's back. "You'd better send for the doctor as quick as you get home," he advised. "Take good care of Uncle Noah, and he'll be all right in a jiffy."

Try as she would, Mirandy could not put new life into her husband's aged bones, and the little that was there ebbed slowly but surely away. He said very little, but the doctor said to Mr. Timmons, who was very good about coming out to see him, and bringing him things, "The old fellow is fretting himself away for something. He hasn't much chance to live at best, and he's giving up the little chance he has. I don't see what it is he can want. He refuses to tell me what the matter is. If you can do anything for him I wish you would. He and Aunt Mirandy are about the last of the old stock left, and I hate to see them go."

Mr. Timmons heard this speech very thoughtfully, and at last said, "I believe I know what he wants, but I don't know whether I can get it for him or not. I'll see what I can do, however."

Accordingly, he dispatched a letter that afternoon to Mr. James Carrington Montgomery, in New York, telling him that his father's old servant, Noah, was dying, and that it would give him a great deal of pleasure and make the going easier if he could see his young "Marse Jamie" before he died. He, Mr. Timmons, was afraid it was asking too much of one so busy as Mr. Montgomery, that he should come such a distance for a servant's sake, but the poor old fellow had set his heart on his mas-

ter's return, and he and his wife were the last that were left at Greenwood.

James Montgomery felt strangely touched by this letter, formally and even coldly written as it was. He had noticed a growing coldness in the few letters he had received from Mr. Timmons, particularly since he had written the lawyer that he had decided it best to part with Greenwood. While this grieved him, coming from such an old and dear friend of his family, he had not felt any ill-will towards Mr. Timmons for it, attributing it to his advanced age and lonely way of living. Besides, he was a lawyer himself, and could, at times, be as stiff and non-committal as any. The tone of the letter, therefore, did not affect him as much as the matter, and he decided that he would run down to his old home for a few days. Naturally impulsive, and, by training, quick to carry out his decisions, the day after he had received Mr. Timmons' letter found him on the south-bound train. He had told his partner that he was called South, but would return in a few days, and had put in his bag some papers on an important case to look over on his way down. He did not feel in the mood to do this at once, so instead he looked over the package of letters from his mother and father that he always carried with him. He had been too busy of late to read them, but he knew their contents almost by heart. His mother's were full of tenderness, but always reserved, and never very happy. Those of his father were full of references to James' career, and anxious questions about his work. In none was any mention made of the possibility of the son's coming home and settling there. In fact, James had been home only once since he first started to college, after the sudden death of his mother. His father had showed so little willingness for him to stay there that the boy, in his hurt pride, had resolved not to go back until his father showed more desire for him. Thus it happened that he was too far away during his father's last illness to reach home in time, and the explanation contained in his father's last letter had given him courage to stay away since. This letter was before him now, and he felt the same pang in opening it that he always felt; sorrow that he had failed to understand his father while he was alive; admiration and reverential love for the brave spirit that had suffered so much for his sake. It was a long letter, but the story that it told was a very simple one. "The tradition of Greenwood," it ran, "is that it exercises such an influence on the lives of those connected with it that they find it impossible to live away from it. It is a fact that our grandfathers, before the war, and I do not know how many generations farther back, have attempted to leave the place, but they have invariably returned. It came to me from my mother, who, being a woman, was well enough contented to stay there, and thought that I should be content, also. But I was ambitious and restless. I imagined for myself a great career, and you know how utterly impossible it is to live at Greenwood and accomplish anything in the world. The very atmosphere forbids it.

"I might have made something of myself, who knows? But I was not very strong, and so I was kept at home with a tutor, instead of being allowed to mingle with other boys in school. I grew up with a natural restlessness and dissatisfaction combating the indolence of my surroundings. I married young, and your mother loved the place so much and made it so pleasant that for a time I was content to stay there and do nothing. But I soon became dissatisfied again, and finally I shut up Greenwood, and took your mother and you with me to Washington. I had friends there, my name was not unknown, and I easily obtained a position of some importance. I thought all my early ambitions were going to be realized, but it seems that there are influences stronger than any human will. I went back to Greenwood, merely to see that things were all right, and the bare sight of the place brought back the spell. I knew then that my lot was cast at Greenwood; so I came back with my family. You know the quiet, purposeless (save for the one purpose I always kept) life I have led since then. I was determined that it should be different with you, and to that end I encouraged your ambitions, and sent you to college, despite your mother's wishes. I know I seemed cruel and almost heartless to her at times, and I am afraid you have thought me harsh and unloving, but you will judge me more kindly now that you understand. I wanted you to have the life that was denied me, to know the joy of action and achievement. I encouraged your staying away from home, that you might not feel the influence of the place. My deepest grief has been the thought that you could not understand my motives.

"The doctor may tell you that he tried to persuade me to leave Greenwood, on the chance of saving my life. I have always had a tendency to weak lungs, which this climate favors. Since your mother's death they have been getting worse, and I doubt if a change would have made much difference. At any rate, I had a fancy that if I stayed here to the end, even, perhaps, shortening my life thereby, that you might be kept free from the spell. It was a foolish fancy, and of late I have begun to feel that what of sacrifice there was is useless, but I have no regrets. You have been free so far, and I pray you may remain so. I fear your coming back. I hate to think of the place ever being sold, but it may be best. I had rather you would do that than

return to the baffled existence I have led for the past thirty years."

The rest of the letter was of so sacred and tender a nature that James Montgomery, hardened as he had become to sorrow and suffering, could never read it without tears in his eyes. He put it away unread now, with a fear of showing his emotion that made him feel half ashamed, and took from the package of letters the last thing he had received in his mother's handwriting. It had been found among his father's papers after he died, and had been forwarded to him. It was a little flat package, sealed and addressed in his mother s quaint, fine hand, "For my son, when he comes home," and James, thinking it some little gift from her loving hands, had put it by with a fancy to obey the implied wish and not open it until he went home. He had not known when that would be, but as he thought over the past now he realized that he had never given up the idea of an eventual home-coming. Still, he did not think of his present trip as anything more than a few days' visit. His father's letter seemed to forbid anything more than that, and there was nothing more definite in his mind than a vague notion that some day he would go home to die and be buried at the old place.

As the train kept getting farther and farther South, and he found himself in his own state, passing through scenes that had once been so vital a part of his existence, his sad thoughts of the past gave way to others whose very melancholy was surprisingly sweet. He had not realized how deep and subtle a hold the land of his fathers had upon him. He felt as if he had gone back ten years and more, and had picked up the chain he had dropped then. So strongly did this feeling grow upon him that when he got off the train at the tiny station he surprised Mr. Timmons by the boyish gladness of his greeting, and the station-master, watching them drive off toward Greenwood, remarked to the operator, "It beats all how little some folks change. Jamie Montgomery don't look a mite older'n he did the last time he was home, and that must be all of ten years ago. But he looks happier some way, like he had what he wanted."

The subject of these remarks, in the meantime, was plying Mr. Timmons with questions, solicitous about Uncle Noah, eager to hear about everything. The old lawyer hardly knew what to make of him. He had not expected to find him so interested in the humble events which filled his own existence. As much to sound James as for any other purpose, he turned the conversation towards the proposed sale of Greenwood. The thing would doubtless have been carried through before, he said, if it had not been for the very unfortunate accident, that had kept them all busy. "And, by the way," turning to James, "a funny thing, trivial enough, has kept Mr. Gilbert from a final decision. He wants to look over the house before he buys it, but I can't find the key, high nor low. What makes the thing queer is that when the house was closed after your father's death no key could be found, and I had one made purposely. And now I can't find that. Of course the door was never locked in your father's time, so I can easily understand the original key's getting lost, but I can't for the life of me imagine where the one I got can have gone. And I don't like to break into the house to let strangers in."

"No, you must not do that," said James. "But there's no great hurry about the sale. I'll have plenty of time to think that over after I go back to New York, and I may decide not to let the old place go, after all. I am not superstitious, but there is too much of Greenwood in my blood, and too much of my blood in Greenwood for us to separate easily. Let's don't talk about it now."

While he was talking, Mr. Timmons had turned into a by-road that led them to Noah's cabin without passing by the big house. He hardly knew why he did it, but he felt that he did not want to be present when his companion should first see his old home. He talked to him steadily until they reached the cabin, so that James would not notice the way they were going.

Aunt Mirandy came to the door at the sound of wheels, and, thinking Marse Henry had a stranger with him, put on her most dignified manner to receive them, or at least attempted to, though it was sadly marred by the unmistakable traces of tears on her cheeks. What was her astonishment when the tall stranger seized both of her hands, gave each of her swollen cheeks a hearty kiss, and cried, with a little break in his voice, "Why, Aunt 'Randy, don't you know your 'little lambie?'" At that she knew him, and clasping him in her arms, cried over him in sheer joy, until a sound from within recalled her to the present. "Oh, honey," she said, "yo'se jes' come in time. Ef anythin' 'll cure Noah, the sight of yore blessed face'll do it," and, running to Uncle Noah's bed, she raised his fever several degrees by her excitement and incoherence. If James had not gone over to the bed and calmed her, she would soon have had the poor old man dead of bewilderment. As soon as he realized that it really was his young Marse Jamie who was before him, an expression of perfect content settled on Noah's face. He lay there quietly, listening to his young master talk, and only opening his lips once in a while to say, "I knowed you'd come back." But the excitement had been too much for him, and Mr. Timmons and James could tell that his life was rapidly ebbing away. Mirandy, less acute, and feeling sure that her husband would recover now that Marse Jamie

was back, had gone out to seek some dainties for her "lambie's" supper, and they could hear her stirring about in the kitchen, humming "He's de lily ob de valley, de bright an' mornin' star." These sounds stirred Uncle Noah to a momentary gleam of life. "M'randy ain't sung dat sence—sence Mis' Em'ly died," he whispered. James' eyes dimmed, and he felt his throat grow tight. He put his own firm hand over the dark, wrinkled old one on the coverlet and said huskily, "We'll hear her sing it lots of times more, won't we, Uncle Noah?" But Uncle Noah was lost again, and did not hear him. There was a long silence, except for the cheerful sounds from the kitchen. Suddenly Noah opened his eyes wide, looked at his young master with a smile, and said, "Dat wuz de bes' piece uv work ole Jin ever done." James and Mr. Timmons leaned over him, startled, then raised their heads and looked at each other. Uncle Noah was dead.

The house was a gray ghost in the twilight when James came slowly up the drive and leaned against the gate. He had not felt like coming there directly after he had left Aunt Mirandy and her dead to the ministrations of the neighboring darkies, so he had been revisiting the favorite haunts of his boyhood. Without realizing it, he had been gradually slipping back into the old way of life. In a few short hours all the old ties, which he had thought broken forever, had been reknit and trebly strengthened. And now that he stood in the presence the could think of no fitter term of his old home, the spell laid hold of him so firmly that he did not even care to resist. The words of his father's letter came back to him, but he saw them in a different light. He had tasted life, but had not yet found content. "What if mine were the lesser duty, the quieter life?" he asked himself. His fingers, aimlessly searching his pocket, touched something hard. He drew it out; it was his mother's package. "For my son, when he comes home," he read. He opened it, and found an old-fashioned brass key, with a small slip of paper. The writing was so faded he could scarcely read it in the dusk. "My son, you have made your mother very happy." That was all. Scarcely conscious of his actions, James crossed the yard and mounted the steps. He hesitated a moment, then firmly fitted the key in the lock and flung wide the heavy door. He had come home.

AGNES ROCKWELL, 1912.

FAITH MERRIMAN.

HAVEN'T you met people who said to you, "Oh, I saw such a pretty sight this afternoon," and then, when you asked them what it was, hesitated and looked puzzled, and perhaps managed to tell you it was a child playing with a kitten, or a vine growing on a fence, or a white cloud in the sky, and ended by lamely saying they really couldn't describe it? Nine times out of ten, if you'd been there with them, you would have seen them give one look, murmur— "How lovely," and hurry on as if something were chasing them. They might about as well not have looked. If a thing is worth looking at at all, it is worth looking at well, as I believe, so whenever I see a pretty picture I stop right then and there, unless it's a matter of sickness or death, or very good news, until I have it all stored away in my mind and can get it out and look at it again whenever I want to.

That was what I was doing one late May afternoon, the spring after the big blizzard, stowing away in my mind a picture of the Merrimans' big, old-fashioned house, all white among the trees, and with every window afire from the setting sun. As I looked and looked, the big front door opened and Faith Merriman came out. I knew she didn't see me or she would have waved her hand, so I just stood still and watched her, for I wanted to see what she would do when there was no one around. You see it was time for her husband's ship to be coming back, and we knew she'd be waiting eagerly for it, for it was the first time the boy had gone with him for such a long trip, way to China and back. But we hoped she hadn't begun to worry about them, for it's not good to live in a big house like that with nothing but a dog and a worry for company, and we had decided that as soon as Faith Merriman showed the least signs of worry, someone would go and stay with her, whether she liked it or not. That was all very well to decide, but it was another matter to find out if we were needed. There are some people who are always just the same, on the outside, always pleasant and calm, no matter what sort of a disturbance is going on inside. In fact, the harder time they are having all by themselves the calmer and more self-contained they are with others, until you almost want to pinch them to see if they can jump. That is, you do unless you understand, and then you want to take them right into your arms and make them cry.

Well, Faith Merriman was just such a person. Only, I think, it was partly her mother's training that made her that way, and not all her own nature. Once, when she was just a slip of a girl, I went after her, when her mother had been lecturing her for some fifteen minutes for calling across the street to a friend, and I found her, not crying as I had expected, but standing in the garden throwing stones just as hard as she could at an old cup she had stuck upon the fence. There was something about her then that went better with her unruly curls and the tinge of red in their gold, than did her company manners.

So I was glad I had a chance to watch her for a minute, though my conscience did prick a bit, and soon I felt justified, for the first thing she did was to shade her eyes with her hand and look down the road, and then sit down on the steps, watching and watching the turn at the top of the hill, where one got the first glimpse of anyone coming from the city. I wasn't near enough to see her face, but I'd seen others watching for husbands and sons to come back from the sea, and I knew the look that there would be in her eyes.

There was no question about it. She had begun to worry.

I didn't know whether she'd want to see me or not, but I knew I wanted to talk to her, so I walked forward a few steps and then called. She turned around with a start, and then came down the path to meet me.

"Why, Aunt Mary!"—she always called me aunt, having grown up with my oldest brother's children—"why, Aunt Mary, how did you ever get so far from home? I thought when people came to be grandmothers they sat at home and knit baby socks, and let their friends come to see them." She smiled a little, and took my hand. "How is the baby?"

"The baby is quite well, thank you," I said, pretending to be very dignified. "But as for my sitting at home knitting baby socks, well—you'll be doing it yourself before many years, Faith Merriman, for if ever I saw two young people just made for each other, it's your boy and John Mason's girl, and they seemed to be of the same way of thinking themselves, before he went away."

I felt her hand tighten a little on mine. It wasn't a very tactful remark, but I wanted to give her a chance to talk if she felt like it. She didn't, though, and for half an hour we sat on the steps talking about the village children, and the school-teacher, and the last church supper, and everything under the sun except what we were both thinking about. Finally it got to be dark, and I decided to take matters in my own hands and speak right out.

"It's time you had your supper," I said, after a pause in the conversation, "and I'm going to ask myself to it. It's no use your pretending any longer. You're worrying and not eating anything,

and getting thin and peaked. What do you suppose your husband will think of us when he comes back and finds you looking like a fright, and we all sitting around and doing nothing about it?"

"But"—she began.

"But nothing," I said. "It all comes of your living here all alone and brooding over your own thoughts. Why, child alive, they'll be coming home all safe and sound in a week or so. It's only four weeks since the Wilson boy came home, and you know he said your ship had just come into port to get supplies as they were leaving, and expected to stay there a week. Now three weeks is not such a very long time for a ship to be behind hand. Goodness me, the last time your John went on a trip like this he was three months, not three weeks, late getting home, and we all thought he was lost. You said that time you'd never doubt the Lord's goodness again, but I shouldn't say you were trusting Him very hard just now. He's brought John Merriman safe home from off the sea a good many times, and so far as I can judge He's no call to have any grudge against the boy."

Then I stopped. I wanted to sit up close to her and mother her as I would my own girl if she were unhappy, but there she sat, bolt upright, her hands folded in her lap, never saying a word after that "but," nor moving a muscle, just watching down the road. Such people do make things so terribly hard for themselves, and for others, too. I didn't say anything more—there wasn't anything more to say until I could find out how she'd taken what I'd already said, so I just sat quiet, thinking.

And what I thought most about was that time, some fifteen years before, when John had gone off on that other tom-fool trip to China, and came home so late. And I hoped she was thinking about it too.

The boy was only five then, and a lovelier little chap you never saw. He was fair like his mother, with curly hair and big blue eyes, and a face like an angel's; and such a bright little fellow. The mother had no thoughts for anyone or anything besides him, except to wish that the father would hurry home to see what a splendid boy his baby had grown into. She taught the child to recognize his father's picture and to call him "daddy," and to want to grow up to be just such a man.

"Only," she said to me once, "I do so hope he won't want to go to sea. I don't know as I could stand it, to have them both gone."

But the call of the sea was in his blood, and when he'd grown to be sixteen or seventeen, she couldn't keep him home any longer. A fine boy he was then, too, tall and broad-shouldered, with a clear eye that looked straight into yours. Not that he was too good to live long, there was no danger of that, but his mischief was never mean, and when he got into a scrape he owned up like a man and took his punishment. And he adored his mother; there never could be another woman on this earth equal to her, in his opinion. It was good to see them together, for each one of them would have gone through fire and water for the other. Only in that one matter he had to disappoint her. The call of the sea rang too loudly in his ears to be disregarded, and so he started to sail with his father first for short trips of a few months, and then finally as mate on this long one. And then the months had gone past, one after another, and one after another, and once or twice they had sent back word by homecoming ships, and now they ought to be home and weren't, and we two women were sitting on the steps, in the dark, thinking of that homecoming so many years before. And I remembered that morning, when the whole village went over to welcome John Merriman back from the sea, and I saw again the little figure with tousled curls that met us at the door, crying in an excited baby voice.

"My daddy has come home, my daddy has come home, and he's brought my muvver some funny dishes wif little men all over 'em!"

I came back to the present with a start, for I'd had an idea.

"Faith," I said, "didn't John bring back with him that time some queer china with some sort of a heathenish name? I haven't seen it for a long time. You go get a couple of cups and we'll drink our tea out of them."

So we went inside and lighted the lamps and had a little tea party all by ourselves. Faith sort of warmed up with the tea and something to eat, and I got her to tell me about the china, and what a time John had had getting it, and how he'd taken special care of it all the way home, and finally brought it to her the first time he came out, for fear something would happen to it. It did her good to talk about the old memories, and when I left her she kissed me shyly and whispered she was afraid she had been foolish.

I left her alone that night, but the next day I took over a few things and announced that I had come to pay her a visit. And I stayed, though she protested that the baby would probably have something dreadful if I were away. That evening there was no watching down the road, but once or twice I caught her listening. Finally we went upstairs, and after I heard her bed creak I went in and tucked her up and kissed her good-night, grown woman as she was. She didn't say a word, but I'd hardly expected it. What I hoped was that the pleasant unusualness of it would give her something to think about so that she would sleep.

I think she did sleep better that night, for it was a fairly bright smile that greeted me the next morn-

ing when I came down-stairs late, to find breakfast ready and waiting.

"I'm ashamed of myself," I said, as I caught sight of the breakfast table. "Why didn't you call me?"

"O, I thought you needed one good night's rest after taking care of that grandchild of yours for so long," Faith answered, "but I'll pay you back later and make you weed out my pansy bed for me. It hasn't been done for two weeks."

And, true to her word, after breakfast was over, she took me out to the big flower-bed by the house and set me to work on what seemed a hopeless tangle of pansies and chickweed. As we worked there together, the big stage that brought the mail from the city rumbled past, and I noticed that Faith's lips whitened a bit when she heard it, and that after it was gone, she was uneasy and kept looking down the road towards the village. After a little while she suggested that we go around to the front steps and rest there in the shade for awhile. I knew well enough what the trouble was, she was waiting to see if the postmaster's boy would bring her out any mail. I almost hoped he wouldn't, for I was afraid just then of any word that the captain or the boy didn't bring themselves. Then, just as I was beginning to feel safe, I caught sight of the boy coming down the road, waving an envelope over his head. Faith saw him as soon as I did, but she didn't stir, except for a little catch in her breath, until he had nearly reached the gate, and then she got up and walked slowly down the path to meet him.

He was all hot and excited, and full of curiosity as to what was in the letter from the city, but I sent him off to get some cookies that were on the kitchen table, for I knew Faith couldn't read the letter while he was there. Her lips grew whiter and whiter as she turned back to the steps and sat down, but her fingers never trembled as she slowly tore open the envelope and drew out the single sheet of paper. I turned away to let her read it alone.

When I looked around again, wondering at her strange silence, I almost screamed. The letter had fallen to the steps and lay open there, but I didn't need to read it, her face told plainly enough what was in it. I touched her on the shoulder, but she paid no attention, so I waited a few minutes. Then I spoke to her and shook her a little, but even that didn't do any good. Finally I grew desperate; the boy would be back again in a little while, and he must not see her looking like that. By sheer strength I got her to her feet and took her into the house. After I'd made her sit down in a big chair and had wrapped a shawl around her, for, warm as it was, her hands were icy cold, I went out to find the boy.

He was deeply interested in a big plate of cookies, and looked around at me with a broad smile which suddenly disappeared when I told him to run back to the village as fast as he could and send out the doctor, for Mrs. Merriman had had bad news.

He hurried away with a frightened face, and I went back to Faith. She still sat with that same unseeing look on her face, and nothing I could do roused her in the least. Then I did what I'd never done in my life before, I deliberately read another person's letter. Somebody would have to do it, if she couldn't tell us what was in it, and I seemed to be the one there.

It wasn't very long, just about six lines, saying that the ship had gone down in a big storm some three weeks before, and not a soul had escaped. That was all, but it was enough. I didn't wonder Faith sat there as if someone had struck her. I gave up trying to rouse her, and waited.

At last the doctor came, and several others with him, for news spreads like wildfire in a small town. I sent them out to the kitchen while the doctor and I got Faith up-stairs to bed. Then I went down to tell them what I knew, while he worked over Faith, trying to rouse her. But she paid no more attention to him than she had to me, and finally he said she must sleep, it was the only hope. So he gave her a sleeping powder and told me to rest while he stayed with her.

She lay there in a half trance for several days, and then, slowly, she began to take notice of things, and pretty soon was up and around the house just as before. But she wouldn't talk to us, any more than to say just "yes" and "no," and a few little things like that; and she didn't seem to notice us when we were talking, but to be living far away, in a world all her own, neither a glad world nor a sad one, but one entirely apart from that in which we live. Perhaps it was a merciful thing that she had those weeks of dazed unrealization in which her body might grow strong again after the strain of anxiety and the sudden shock of bad news, for when she did begin to realize what had happened, as she did after a while, she suffered as I hope never to see a woman suffer again. And she suffered so terribly because she couldn't express it, because her pride would not let her admit it to anyone, even to herself. Her heart was wearing itself away, aching and aching for those she might not see again, and there was nothing to ease it. Their bodies lay at the bottom of the sea, near a shore she had never seen, and she must go on living among scenes she had always known, eating and sleeping and pretending to be content.

Sometimes I think that what seems to us at the time the hardest, the looking on the faces of those we love, after the part that is really them has gone on into eternity, is what really makes it easiest in the

end, for we know, we must realize, and the days that come afterwards do not mock us quite as much by being so much alike and yet so different from the days that went before. There has been a break to account for the difference. But to be longing for the sight of a face and the sound of a voice, to be waiting day after day, hoping that each day, each hour, the one you love will come to you, and then to go on longing, day after day, the only difference being that you have looked at a few strange black marks on a piece of white paper, and have suddenly realized that the face you loved lay under the waves, and that the voice you longed for would never be heard again, except in your memory, that is almost unbearable, for you rebel against it; you cannot make yourself believe it.

And Faith Merriman went on longing and longing for the husband and son who would never come again, and though as time went on she took more and more her old place in the village life, the old reserve grew, and grew stronger, till one day, as I walked down the road at sunset time, I found her watching the turn at the top of the hill, and this time she didn't hear me when I called her. And yet she didn't yield passively to this feeling. I could see in her eyes at times a desperate, almost angry struggle to be her old self again. The red in her curls was doing its best to save her. And after others said that there was no hope, that mind or body must soon break, I pinned my faith on those curls, and waited.

I got in the way of going over almost every afternoon for a few minutes, for though someone stayed with her nights she wouldn't have them around in the daytime, and I thought that she sometimes liked to have me with her. But as the weather grew colder I went less and less often, and each time it seemed to me that matters were going soon to reach a climax. And yet there wasn't anything to do but let nature take her own best way, and stand by ready to give a helping hand when it was needed. "If only there may be someone by when the time comes," I prayed each night.

Finally there came a glorious day, early in November, one of those days, after winter has apparently come to stay, when the bright sun and the wonderful clear air, that makes you twenty instead of fifty or sixty, or whatever it may be, flatly contradict those gloomy people who say that fall means only death, and mourn the going of summer. Why, to my mind, there is no time of all the year that has more of life about it than those days when the sun is bright and there is a good bit of frost in the air. It's the kind of weather when you could do miracles, and think nothing about it.

Well, it was just such a day that I went down to the Merriman house and found the front door open and nobody in the front part of the house. I felt quite at home there by that time, so I went on through toward the kitchen and opened the door. Then I jumped back, and if I hadn't had hold of the door I should certainly have fallen over, for just as I started to step in something flew past, about three inches from my nose, and landed with a crash in the opposite corner. It certainly was a strange way to be greeted. And before I'd had time to recover myself, something else flew past. But this time I saw what it was; it was one of those heathen cups. The pantry door was partly open, and as I stood there, one after another, cups and saucers flew out and landed in a heap of broken china in the corner. Had Faith Merriman suddenly gone mad? It seemed so. But I wouldn't believe it yet; someone else might be throwing the china. Anyway, there was nothing I could do but wait until the rain of cups and saucers ended.

After what seemed a couple of years, and after enough china had come flying out of that pantry door to have filled several china closets, as it seemed, the door opened a little farther, and Faith Merriman herself walked out. My heart sank; the worst had come then, and her mind had broken under the strain. Then I looked at her again, as she stood there gazing at the ruin she had wrought, and wondered if the look on her face could possibly be that of a disordered mind, it was so much more natural and more earthly than any I had seen there since that dreadful night. I stepped back quietly a few steps so she wouldn't see me.

And then I saw her throw up her head with a sudden little shake of her shoulders, as if she were throwing off an irksome burden, and say, with new energy in her voice, "There, I had to do something, or I know I should have gone mad."

The red-gold curls had had their say.

Then her shoulders began to tremble, and with a low "Oh John, oh David, and you were so near home," she buried her face in her apron and turned sobbing into the pantry. The storm had broken. I turned quietly and stole away, to wait until the tears had eased the weary heart, and brought it healing peace. KATHARINE PARDEE, 1912.

SLIP SHEETS.

HOW THE HONEY OF THE WILD BEE IS GATHERED.

In the midst of the dark forests of the Adirondacks, where the sun only penetrates the interlaced roof in spots, and makes a yellowish-green stencil design on the dead leaves and moss-covered logs, the honey-bee often makes his home. In the lowest branches of a hollow tree a swarm of bees circles 'round and 'round. These tiny insects have to fly for miles to collect the honey they store away. For, with the exception of a few clearings, all is dark woods, where no flowers grow. The clearings are usually burnt grounds. Here the bees hum contentedly over the golden-rod, glowing in the warm sun, between charred logs, and fly back to their tall tree to store away the honey.

It is rather difficult to find these trees, and sometimes takes several days. The bee-hunter catches an insect in a little wooden box, containing sugar on a honey-comb. He shuts the lid and waits for a few seconds until the bee has gathered the sugar. Then he liberates it and watches its flight. The insect circles upward, until it reaches a height above all the trees, and then flies in a direct line to the hive. After catching several bees, the box is moved nearer and ever nearer in the direction in which the bees fly, until the forest is reached. Then the hunter calculates the distance to the tree by the time it takes the bees to return to the box for more sugar. He notes the direction, and disappears into the black woods to search for the tree. When he reaches the spot where it ought to be, he examines every likely-looking tree. Those that are tall and perhaps hollow, but not decayed, are the usual choice of the swarm. It does not take long before he sees the tiny insects swarming out of a round hole, and the bees have been tracked to their lair.

When the hunter has found the tree, he returns home to collect his materials for getting at the honey. Soon the axe has bitten a piece out of the trunk, and the men sway back and forth at the saw, which eats deeper and deeper into the trunk. There is a crash, and the angry bees hum and blacken the air, flying around the now empty spot, where their home was but a minute ago. Then the men put on heavy coats, tying the sleeves tightly to their wrists with cord, and pull gauntlets up over their hands. A broad-brimmed straw hat, draped with white cheese-cloth that falls over the shoulders, completes the odd figures. They build a fire under the hole in the trunk, for the smoke drives the bees off. Again the hatchet rings, as the wood, little by little, is cut away until the hollow is reached. Bees darken the air in a frantic attempt to sting their enemy. The comb, sticky with honey, is black with their half-stupefied bodies.

Then the tin pails are placed beside the tree to carry the honey home in, and piece after piece of comb, with bees clinging to the yellow, oozing honey, is dropped into them. Often a great deal of empty comb is found, its tiny, snow-white squares gaping open to be filled. But for this, the hollow is left empty, the only remnant being the shiny coating of honey, left on the inside walls. Then the men shoulder the pails on long poles and steal away, still pursued by a few unsubdued bees. The swarm is left to starve and die in the cold winter, unless the hunter has foresight enough to leave some honey or sugar to keep the bees alive, so that he may gather their honey the following year.

PAULINE EHRICH, 1915.

LUMBERING IN ALABAMA.

Lumbering in Southern Alabama! The very woods are pregnant with witchery. A great expanse of gleaming white sand; sere brown spots of parched vegetation; tall, slim pines rising without branch or twig for twenty-five or thirty feet, and then breaking forth into feathery green; little clusters of weather-beaten shacks huddled together, all their sordidness visible in the intense white sunlight; the tall, ungainly mill with its never-ceasing hum; the railroad, gleaming in the sunshine; and always, beyond mill, shanties and pines, the swamp —dark, luxuriant, mysterious.

In the depths of that swamp toil gangs of sweating men, shirts open at the throat, sleeves rolled up, high rubber boots glistening with mud and water as they leap from cypress knob to cypress knob, or splash from tree to railroad and from railroad back to tree. Here is a gang of choppers, always the advance guard of civilization. Here and there a tree shows the white shine of newly-cut wood; they are the ones which have been marked for felling. Always it is the tallest and finest trees which bear this gash, for only trees of a certain diameter and larger are chosen. One minute a huge water-oak stands stately and majestic, the next the foreman has pointed it out, and white chips are flying under the axes of the choppers. Then the whine of the saw as it bites into the wood; a moment's adjustment of rope and chain; the tree sways creaking back and forth; there is a sudden crack, a soft, rushing sound, a thud, a splash, and the great tree, a moment before so proudly erect, lies prostrate in the water of the swamp. Without a minute's delay the men are upon it; again the chips fly as the rhythmic blows of the axe ring upon the air. One by one the

branches are stripped from it, and soon the massive trunk, scarred and mutilated, is piled up with others, waiting to be loaded on the logging train. It is a continuous process, never halting, never varied.

At short intervals the empty train comes rattling back, or chugs out, loaded with logs. The railroad is built upon piles driven deep into the swamp, and it sways and quivers as the heavy train rumbles along it; the one bit of modernism in the midst of perpetual mystery. Tall and ghostly, the trees rise on each side of the track, draped in mourning weeds of long, grey moss. Here some gorgeous flower rears its head from the treacherous surface, there a swamp bird calls, or a vivid moth hovers above the black mud; otherwise all is gloom and quiet. Suddenly, almost without warning, the swamp is ended, and the train is once more in a world of activity. Straining oxen, driven by joking, swearing men, drag the loads from the cars to the incline. With a rattle, the logs drop on the track, the dogs bite deep into the wood, and they are on their way to the saw.

In the mill all is hurry and noise. There is a thud as each log drops on the log-carriage; a jar as it slides back and forth against the bumpers; the whine of the band-saw as it slips through the wood, the whirr of the circular saws, the monotonous call of the markers, and under it all the hum of active machinery. Back and forth the log-carriage slides, one by one the slabs are cut off, some sawed straight, some quartered. Here comes a piece of cypress too small to be sawed into boards. It is loaded on the carrier, taken to the circular saw and cut up into shingles which are shot down through a chute, to be sorted and tied into bundles.

As each board passes along the carrier it is scaled by the marker, and further on is inspected. Beyond, where the carrier divides, a sorter is stationed. Each piece is sorted according to its scale mark. Some are sent to the planing mill to be finished, some are merely sent along and dropped on the platform, where it is again sorted into lots, according to its mark, and then is piled and covered to await its first seasoning process before it is shipped.

Martha Elise Shoup, 1915.

MAPLE SUGARING ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

When the New England farmer hears the winter's accumulation of snow and ice slipping in sections from its resting place on the roof, sees the horses slump down into the snow as he drives to the village, finds the meadow brook swelling and breaking through its icy barrier, he knows that the "sugaring" season is here, and loses no time in getting ready for the first "big thaw." There are boiling pans to be re-soldered and cleaned, the sugar-house to be renovated, the outdoor fireplaces to be fixed, and taps and buckets to be procured.

As soon as the frost sufficiently loosens its grasp on earth, and the sap begins to grope its way up through the roots of the big maples, men hurry through the woods, boring the trees, inserting the taps, and hanging the buckets on their pegs. Blazing fires are kindled, and paths are trampled down to the rythmic "drip, drip" of the sap, which echoes through the whole camp. It does not take long, in "good sap weather," for the buckets to fill, and then the men and boys shoulder large wooden yokes, balance a bucket on each end, and begin the business of collecting.

While this continues in a monotonous round, let us be a bit inquisitive and find out what the other workers are doing. There are two fireplaces built of field stone, roughly held in place by a thin coating of cement. Over each of these improvised furnaces a broad galvanized-iron tub is fastened, into which the sap is poured on fine days, but in storms, or when the run of sap is particularly rushing, the sugar-house is resorted to. This is the roughest sort of a shack, generally constructed by the farm-hands with farm implements. Rough logs, fragrant with pitch and spruce gum, make the walls, and the roof is generally protected with several layers of tar-paper. Rough wooden benches stand against the walls. One or two three-legged stools peer, from beneath the one home-made table, at the two reddened stoves, which balance each other from the two nearest corners. On these stoves are two great tubs, similar to those over the fireplaces. The rest of the room is taken up with boxes and cans, in which the final products are packed. And see, the sap has changed from a clear, colorless liquid into a light yellow, foaming, bubbling mixture, which breathes forth an irresistible odor. Involuntarily we sniff the air as we catch the first faint aroma, eager to inhale the elusive sweetness. Slowly, slowly, the yellow darkens, and we are assured by the overseers that, with a trifle more boiling, it will be ready to "sugar off."

How the news gets about is a mystery. At any rate it does, and towards evening the neighbors gather at the sugar-house, each grasping a large appetite in either hand. Milk pans are packed full of clean snow, forks are whittled from hard-wood branches, and benches are cleared off for a regular "sugar eat." The sugar, boiled to a golden brown, and of a syrupy consistency, is poured over the pans of snow, hardening on the cold surface just enough to be readily picked up with the prongs of the many eager forks. Again and again the pans are replenished; pickles, which go hand in hand

with "sugar on snow," are passed about, and disappear with incredible rapidity; songs are sung; weird stories are repeated, and finally the guests depart, leaving the camp with the night workers, for the fresh sap coming in cannot be neglected for sleep.

The "taster" goes about, sampling the grade of syrup, determining its proper consistency, and prophesying the hour of its probably completion. When it is pronounced "done," the cans are filled, marked with the farmer's name, and packed in shipping boxes, to be sent to the wholesale dealer, or some known firm. What syrup is made into sugar must be boiled still longer, and then cooled and hardened in forms stamped with the farmer's initial or seal. Then this, too, is packed for shipping. Sometimes the sugar-making is carried on for two or three weeks, again the season lasts but a few days, but during that time the farmer, hired men, women and children devote every energy to the all-engrossing business of "sugaring," for a great per cent. of the farmer's yearly profit depends on his sugar products.

Then let us remember next spring, when we are splashing along wet pavements, that,

"Whatever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,"

and reconcile ourselves to sodden shoes, bedraggled skirts, and uneven tempers, knowing that such weather is quite essential if we would indulge in "home-made" maple syrup on our Sunday-morning pancakes.

Ruth M. Pierce.

SHARK FISHING IN FLORIDA.

Shark fishing! Something in the mere sound of the words thrills the senses and sets the pulses bounding. What more fascinating sport could one ask? The first whiff of salt air brings visions. Dazzlingly white, the shore stretches as far as the eye can reach; on the other side the dull green mangrove trees dip their branches in the dancing water, slim and graceful the palms tower, silhouetted against the vivid sky. Far out across the bay the creamy surf breaks on a low, white sand-bar, and beyond shines the gulf, tiny white-capped waves racing over its surface. The fresh tang of salt air, the fishy odor of the docks, the pungent smell of gasoline from the launch, each adds zest to the day.

A launch, small in size, but with a powerful motor, holds the equipment: iron hooks, a foot or so in length and as thick as a man's thumb, fastened with five or six feet of heavy chain to the woven rope, which serves as a fish-line; a sturdy hand-reel of iron, clamped to the framework of the boat; and in the bow, the bait, large mackerel and lady-fish, their silver bodies gleaming in the shadow. The fishermen, judged by the wide straw hats which throw a deep shadow on their faces, the soft, open-throated shirts, the water flasks slung from their shoulders, the rifle which one carries, are obviously past masters of the sport. It takes but a minute to get settled, the engine coughs and thumps, the penetrating odor of gasoline floats out upon the air, there is a great churning of the water, and the launch is off. Without delay it chugs its way toward the bar. There is a sudden dipping sensation, a few minutes of dizzy rising and falling, the sharp sting of spray on the cheeks, and the launch is riding gaily on the gulf with the surf tumbling on the bar behind it.

This is the day's fishing-ground, and the line is prepared. A large mackerel is the bait, the end of the rope is fastened to a ring in the bow, the baited hook splashes overboard, the surplus rope lies coiled in the end of the boat, and all is ready. Slowly the morning slips away. The sun climbs high in the sky; all the little waves have disappeared, and except for the long, oily swell, the gulf lies quiet and glassy in the glare. The heat droops over land and water like a veil, and even the fishermen seem to be infected with the prevailing lassitude. At long intervals one of them tosses a fish overboard. It floats lazily for awhile, and then there is a shine as of wet silk, a little spot of foam, and the fish is gone. So far, however, although the floating fish have been snapped up, no adventurous shark has even investigated the bait. The sun creeps on to the zenith, and the yellow heat haze lies closer to the sea.

Suddenly the rope flashes out and jerks taut. The boat leaps like a startled animal, then is borne off, first in one direction, then veering suddenly in another. Galvanized into action, the fishermen are at their places in an instant. The engine pants and sputters, then settles down to work, and the battle between man and fish is on. Back and forth rushes the shark, veering and diving in frenzy, and it demands careful management to keep the boat from upsetting. At each rush it strains and quivers like a spurred horse, but now the powerful motors are matched against the strength of the shark. One minute he seeks to dive into the depths, and the launch dips its bow in the water; the next there is a streak of glistening black and a track of white foam, as he darts madly across the surface. Even the management and skill of the fishers seem inadquate at times to prevent the boat from capsizing. Twice one of them stands, knife in hand, ready to cut the rope if necessary. At last, little by little, the dives grow less frantic, each succeeding lunge has less force. He is getting tired out. Inch by inch the

line is reeled in until at last the big fish struggles feebly but a few yards from the boat. Now his flat head and huge, gaping mouth can be seen as he vainly strives to disgorge the heavy hook which is firmly imbedded in his jaw-bone between the rows of wicked-looking teeth. At length one man picks up the rifle; there is a click as it cocks, a moment's pause, a report, a jet of fire.. The shark gives a convulsive lunge, and then turning, floats quietly on his back. Nothing remains but the hauling in of the carcass. The battle is ended, the day's sport is complete.

MARTHA ELISE SHOUP, 1915.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: BEFORE.

Does the old adage still hold—"To rule well, one must learn to obey well?" It may be of interest to hear from an old-time foundation brick of the impressions made by the wise masons who moulded her in the good old days of '85.

All authority was vested in four bodies—the President, the doctor, the corridor teacher and the head of the Domestic Department.

The President was responsible for our going out and our coming in. The "office" might give permissions to leave town, but all tardiness in returning must be explained to the President. How timidly four of us came to Miss Freeman in my Sophomore year to explain that the Freshman's mother had kept us for supper after our "permitted" drive on Monday afternoon! What an occasion it gave her to caution us as to Sophomore influence over Freshmen!

Very infrequent were our journeys to Boston in those days. Theaters were forbidden. Once during my four years I saw Booth in "Macbeth," during a Christmas vacation, salving my conscience with a liberal interpretation of the phrase, "while connected with the college," trying to forget the parting injunction, "Remember, girls, that you are Wellesley College."

All weighty matters of college policy were referred to the President. "Might we have lemonade and crackers at our Sophomore social?" Emboldened by our success here, in the spring we plead for permission to burn our "conic sections," only to return crestfallen to the class with the suggestion that we take our honorary member for a moonlight drive instead!

The doctor! Ah, her's was a more intimate despotism! Our health and all which concerned it lay in her hands. What share of sunshine, how little climbing of stairs did your well-being demand in the assignment of rooms? Who should have a Saturday-night bath hour, and who one at 6.30, A.M., on Tuesday? Were you really sick? and should your meals be sent up?—toast or gruel? Or should you be firmly held to meals, exercise, class-work and chapel? Might you eat the pears your mother sent with your laundry, or should the college be declared in a state of siege and all such goods be held as contraband? The one box of candy which I received while in college I was allowed to give to my Bible teacher, who, with equal self-repression, doled it out, one piece daily, until it was gone.

I well remember the despair with which we awaited a tardy Thanksgiving box which arrived at ten the last night of vacation. Friends and foes were gathered, and we faithfully discharged our obligations and disposed of the last crumb before we slept.

Our daily walk, too, was under the doctor's supervision. How often have I paced back and forth for another ten minutes to complete the required hour!

In our "home life" we were responsible to our corridor teacher. How carefully she watched over you, never granting the coveted half hour after ten to finish your essay, until you were driven in your despair one night to blanket your transom! How loud was the noise of running water in the bathroom at 10.15, P.M.! How your boots squeaked when you tried to creep quietly by five minutes late to silent time because there had been egg cups to wash this morning! The rules required each girl to be "silent and alone," and in rooms for three, provision was made for the third girl in a recitation room. Also in study hours you were not supposed to communicate even with your roommate, except between bells—a very great aid to concentration.

The head of the domestic work had a difficult task to train so much green and reluctant material. I am convinced that student government originated here, in the student leaders of "circles," who were accountable for certain units of work, and could withdraw you from the most fascinating social circle to peel potatoes.

On Mondays and over short vacations, strict discipline was needed to make sure that the proper substitutes were provided.

In the old days we were seated alphabetically in church and chapel, where attendance was kept in each "section" by one of its members. A growing laxity permitted you to sit out of place on Sunday evenings, provided that you reported to your section girl. Otherwise you would be called to the office to explain your absence.

In the dining-room your table teacher was responsible for your attendance and punctuality. As I remember it, there were no penalties, but you no more dared to go in late to a meal than to class.

Very slowly did the idea dawn upon me that there was a Faculty back of all these very pleasant personal relations. In my Junior year came a rude awakening.

At Hallowe'en there was a mild but universal outburst of lawlessness. Reminded by my roommate of the pangs of remorse always following my misdeeds, I declined our wild boat-crew revel of ghost stories, enriched by apples saved from dessert. But, unfortunately, as I returned from placing the last alarm clock designed to mark the passage of time for an '86 revel at the fifth-floor center, the last bell struck before I crossed the threshold with my remonstrating roommate. The many revelers roused the Faculty, and a most interesting game of hide-and-seek ensued. A week of interviews, remonstrances and Faculty meetings culminated in a general invitation, given at morning prayers, to all who had in any way broken a college rule between the noons of October 31 and November 1 to be present at a Faculty meeting. Never shall I forget that mournful procession, that solemn assembly! The impossibility of making my very strict father receive my abject confession seriously at Christmas-time restored my sense of proportion and of humor. Nevertheless, we had learned a valuable lesson, that it is a serious matter to accept any obligation, however small, without living up to it. I believe that from that time ninety per cent. of us lived in accordance with the spirit of the rules. Does Student Government do better than that?

I have picked out salient points in my masonry. The story does not run very true without the rest of the curve, for which I have no space allowed. Can you detect the strong points in the old foundation?

Nevertheless, long live Student Government!

MARY C. WIGGIN, '85.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT: AFTER.

Government of the Students, by the Students and for the College.

There is, of course, no need of proving to readers of this MAGAZINE the superiority of Student Government. "Student Government admits it," and so do all who have had the privilege of knowing at first hand the Student Government Association in Wellesley. When, on March 6, 1901, the agreement between Faculty and students was signed, giving to students the control of all non-academic matters not relating to public health, safety or entertainment, the use of college property, or the housing of students, there began the life of organized student government in the Wellesley Student Government Association, an association which has grown steadily during the subsequent ten years.

The Association was organized with a President and a Vice-president from the Senior Class, a Secretary and a Treasurer from the Junior Class, all elected by the whole undergraduate body, an Executive Board made up of these officers with a representative from each class, elected by her class, and the house officers for each college house, consisting of a house president and her proctors. But the government is not at all a government by officials; it is essentially democratic, and its success is possible only when it is government by each individual student. Every girl, by going to Wellesley, becomes a member of the Association, and her loyalty to one necessarily involves her loyalty to the other. Rules are made and executed by the whole body of students, and to them, organized in their Association, has been intrusted the matter of registration for absence from college, the regulation of travel, permissions for Sunday callers, the chaperone rules, the maintenance of quiet, and the general conduct of students on the campus and in the village. To this Association, also, the college looks for the formation and preservation of a high public sentiment towards all matters of public interest.

Of all the special departments of the Association work, the one which has been the greatest problem, and perhaps, therefore, the one in which the Association has best shown its ability, is the so-called Village Problem. For several years the enrolment has increased so much more rapidly than provision could be made for housing students on the campus, that the whole Freshman Class has had to live in the village. Obviously the question of college government for some four hundred new students, the youngest in the college, scattered over a wide area, and living in small groups outside the college, has been a serious one. The Vice-president, who has charge of this department of the work, has for some time been solving the problem with the help of her Senior assistants, who live in the village with her, and a well-organized village committee of upper-class students, who, while living on the campus, are responsible for the right Student Government spirit in the village houses, each member of the committee concentrating her interest on one house

and helping to make continuous that connection with the college which a Freshman tends to feel is broken when her classes are over, and which it is so important that she keep if she is to realize her membership in the college. That connection outside of classes could not be made in the same degree by the Faculty, nor by girls working as individuals. There must be also the organized association of students who have themselves been, or are now in the village, each one of whom feels the need of an intimate, comprehending and co-operative spirit from all the other students of all the classes to complete the unity of the student body in its "loyalty to the best interests of the college."

The need and the success of the Association in the village are but typical of its position in other phases of college life, and its work for that good government which means, to quote from the original agreement authorizing the Association, "the exercising of the powers of government with most careful regard both for liberty and order, and for the maintenance of the best conditions for scholarly work."

But to illustrate the effectiveness of government by students for the college is to show only part of its use and value. Inseparable from that, and quite as important, is its value to the individual student. Not only is Wellesley better governed because of the unified, loyal spirit of the whole body of students, themselves responsible for the conduct of the college and devoted to her interests in proportion as they feel her welfare in their keeping, but each individual student is thereby given the opportunity for "growth in character and power." The training in that individual responsibility, which is the very foundation of a successful association, the chance to work side by side with every other member of the college for a common cause whose results may be seen each day, the growth in dignity, in ability to "pull together," to look at things in the large, and not alone from an individual view-point,—all these are daily adding to the efficiency and ability of the individual students in their life at Wellesley, and to their training for citizenship, both in the college and out. The Association is giving to the students that greatest privilege of life in a democratic community, the privilege of self-government, in company with other self-governing people, in accordance with the adjudged highest interests of the community.

The success, the existence, even, of the Association would have been impossible except for the active co-operation of the Faculty of the college, and especially of Miss Pendleton, first as Dean and now as President. To them the gratitude of the Association is due, and for the future success of Student Government we bespeak their continued confidence and support.

It is the organ through which undergraduates may express their loyalty to the college—to them it is the college, and for its strength and integrity they devote their first loyalty, their enthusiasm, their time, themselves.

In their success graduates and students are justly proud. But in their task all are needed whose interest in Wellesley is not dead—from undergraduates their self-controlled devotion—from Trustees, Faculty and alumnæ their sympathy, and their steadfast belief, to the end, that all may be united in promoting that best government "of the students, by the students and for the college."

FLORENCE F. BESSE, 1907.

ON COMPULSORY CHAPEL.

Last year, with the closing of the college term of 1909-10, Miss Hazard made her final report to the Trustees of Wellesley College, as President of the institution. Such a report is necessarily of interest to two classes of readers, to those who love Wellesley, and to those who are interested in the cause of education, for it must contain special facts relative to the development of the college, and in addition, broader generalizations that touch the underlying philosophy on which women's special training rests. In this particular report, at the close of ten fruitful years, Miss Hazard was able to draw very definite conclusions concerning vital principles in Wellesley's complex life.

One alumna read the opening pages with peculiar interest. As it happened, they touched upon a new phase that had been a source of regret to her during the decade or more that had elapsed since her graduation. This was the abolishment of compulsory chapel that had taken place almost immediately after her leaving. As Miss Hazard was herself the first to suggest the change, the statement of her reason in her own words will be of interest. She says: "One of my first proposals at Wellesley, in the autumn of 1899, was to abolish compulsory attendance on morning prayers. The plan was approved only by a small majority of the Faculty, but the Trustees permitted me to make the experiment. With the beautiful new chapel building and every external aid to devotion, I could not bear to have the service perfunctory, with monitors to mark attendance." At this point in her reading the alumna paused and remembered that she had been a monitor once upon a time. Somewhere in her college memorabilia book there were pasted a few of the pages of her attendance record, with the list of twenty girls whose names began with A or V or W, and whose assigned seats made up two rows in the rear of the old chapel. It was in her Freshman year, when the sense of responsibility and duty lay heaviest upon

her, and it was a very serious small girl indeed that sat in the end seat and marked present, tardy, or absent, after the names of her twenty classmates, giving them all the leeway possible, as generosity demanded, but placing justice first in the list of virtues. Perhaps, too, there was just a bit of self-righteousness in her mental comparison between her exactness and the easy-going methods of a junior cousin, also a chapel monitor in a small mid-Western university.

It was scarcely a surprise to her that only a few of the Faculty had found the proposition to abolish compulsory chapel advisable. Ten years ago the majority of Wellesley instructors were those who had been trained under the ancient regime of the 70's. Many had known the founder, Mr. Durant himself, had caught from him the spirit of devotion in which the foundations of the place were laid, remembered that its building had been a testimony to his Christian faith. They knew that to him any change in the morning devotional gathering would have been a deep regret, probably a great grief. Not forgetful that the world moves, that

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,"

they would fain have left untouched that corner-stone of Wellesley inheritance, universal morning prayers. Yet they, too, must have felt with Miss Hazard that much of what is best in religious devotion is lost when compulsion is necessary to its maintenance.

Further on, the retiring President outlines some of the results of her new plan: "Much of what I hoped for has been attained. It is a very real moment of devotion when, with the first low note of the organ, a true call to prayer, every head is bowed, and the service begins with silent consecration. The hymn, the psalm which follows, the Scripture lesson, the prayer, and the closing recessional, make a brief service to the value of which I have had many testimonies." All that Miss Hazard says in this summing up of the advantages of the new system is true. And yet the alumna, reading with memory's keenest vision fixed upon the past, recalled that even under the old plan there had come the same inspiring influences of wholesome and real religious fervor. Even on the mornings when she herself had rushed to the fast-closing door, conscious of a room left in disorder, a too-hastily-made toilet, and an unprepared Latin translation, and had tucked herself breathless into her aisle seat, the quiet voice of the President from the platform announcing the opening hymn was the open sesame to twenty minutes of rest and grateful calm that had sent her back to the day's work stronger and surer of herself. Even those who openly rebelled against the exactions of compulsory chapel, and they were few indeed, would have been compelled to acknowledge, if they had been as frank as they were troubled in spirit, that the hours were not ill spent.

As is so often true, results are not unmixed in the working out of new theories. So there is an out—yes, several outs, in the abolishing of compulsory chapel—and Miss Hazard frankly, courageously, states them. To continue the quotation: "But the difficulty is that the students who most need such a service are not there. It comes at half-past eight in the morning." (It used to be eight-twenty, thought the alumna.) "That is early in winter, when one's room has to be left in order for the day. At the first service of the year, and at special services, the whole body of students is present: at other times, the attendance is usually less than five hundred. From a third to a half of the student body come with some regularity; the other half, the half which most needs it, do not come except on rare occasions." Excellent advice it is to assume a virtue when it is lacking, and by the assumption to encourage its growth and give it a chance to develop. Voluntary chapel attendance reaches the girl who is naturally, or by training, devotional in feeling, the girl who would find a place and a time for worship if the college supplied none. Compulsory chapel brought to the center of spiritual influence the girl with little or no normal and spontaneous desire for devotion. Perhaps she came unwillingly. What of it? At least she did not go away quite empty-handed. As foolish to contend that it was of no real value as to say that the weekly college concerts of classic music could be of no use to the girl untrained in the art.

Pursuing the subject further, Miss Hazard presents to the Trustees the tentative suggestion of a college chaplain "who should be able to give attention to the personal needs of the students in times of stress, which must come to every expanding mind." A new idea truly, but not ill-advised, perhaps, when one considers the tremendous growth of Wellesley and the fact that it was founded for the Christian education of young women. In the early days, when Mr. Durant knew his greatest joy in his intimate relationship with the students, a voluntary chaplain in his activities, and when three or four hundred girls were not too many to find in the Faculty close friends and advisers, then the suggestion would have been superfluous. As it is, the alumna saw one distinct drawback. Many of her most delightful recollections centered about the Sundays when Wellesley knew the inspiring ministry of the most distinguished preachers. To the services of these weekly visitors Miss Hazard pays grateful tribute in her report. There were specially treasured days when Phillips Brooks, neighbor and

friend, filled the college chapel and left beautiful messages never to be forgotten. Just what those sermons meant to the many girls from small towns, otherwise denied the privilege of hearing these great teachers, they themselves will never know.

But the end of Miss Hazard's conclusions has not yet come. She goes further. "After eleven years of experience, I am not so sure as I was that permitting voluntary attendance is wise. Is there not danger of giving untried young people too much liberty, of expecting them to decide for themselves questions of lifelong importance without the guidance of those who ought to guide? 'Here liberty of conscience is carried to an irreligious extreme,' one of the early divines wrote of Rhode Island. Is the same indictment true, in part, of the modern college? The paternal theory of government has been wholly discarded in many colleges. Now the tide is turning the other way. Absolute freedom of election is being curtailed, and it may be that in moral and religious training too much freedom has been given. The honor system could be expanded, and by it attendance on chapel exercises controlled more than at present. The Sunday attendance is good, the chapel is usually full; but attendance at morning prayers seems to me very important. When I was so often the leader, I could not make a frequent appeal to students to come. It might well be that my ministrations were not helpful; four times a week it was my regular duty to offer morning prayer. The main object of such a service is naturally the consecration of the day, an invocation of Divine help in all that it may contain. But there is no great good without lesser benefits, and the sense of solidarity, of community life, of college loyalty which is fostered by such a service, is something which no college can afford to lose."

Paternalism! A phrase often sounded in the modern forum. A phrase with which American ideals seem to be at variance. A phrase we have almost discarded in home discipline as a national government. What of the disappearance of morning prayers in the family? They were seldom voluntary. There were often grumblings at this exaction on the part of devout fathers and mothers. And yet, pretty far back in the subconsciousness of many, there still lives the memory of those brief minutes of a united assembly, a reverent group, the big family Bible, the sounding chapter, the earnest prayer, and the hushed beginning of the day. Where one small grumbler found in the requirement the beginning of revolt, a score added the beauty of worship to their concept of life.

Glad indeed was the alumna that the outgoing President had added the sentence regarding the lesser benefits to the earnest plea for change. These had always seemed to her of vital importance. In addition to her idea that prayer, no matter in what form, was the normal beginning of a day, she had always believed in the impression of unity, of solidarity, engendered by the meeting of the entire body of students. How could Wellesley ever again know that feeling of oneness, she wondered, now that no single hour of the day saw the college assembled as a whole? Again she slipped into her retired Freshman seat under the gallery. Upon the platform sat the choir and the President. To the right of the organ were the Faculty, to the left the special students. In the front seats were the Seniors, the objects of her honest awe and admiration. Behind them the Juniors, only slightly less impressive. Across the chapel were the Sophomores, creatures strange and not too friendly. All about her the girls she was to know for four happy years as companions and sisters in pleasure and pain. This was the college world. This was the Wellesley of which she had dreamed when an ambitious father had decreed that she was to be one of the educated women of her day, so far as he could make it possible.

There was a thrill of loyalty and a joy of being a part of so marvelous a whole that came daily in the singing of the hymns, the full-throated volume of sound hardly missing the sustaining notes of bass or tenor. Even to-day, with Wellesley's wonderful new organ and the splendid choir, the alumna finds no more satisfying singing. There was the eager interest in the daily announcements. Together the big Wellesley family heard of changes and of the events of the little cosmos in which they lived. It needed no eager searching of bulletin boards to spread the daily news. Together they listened to gentle admonition, to mild reproof, or to stern rebuke. And then to the orthodox little Freshman came the supreme moment, the close, when, to the organ, the students filed out in the order of seniority of classes. Then she saw herself in imagination a Senior, then she felt most keenly her responsibility to do her college credit, then she stirred to the ambition to be worthy of those whose duty was "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." It was a very real, a very deep and earnest ambition. Who shall say how many caught fire at that same moment?

And then Miss Hazard concludes with a plea that the college shall keep alive the religious spirit. "We are constantly told," she writes, "that the religious spirit of the country is dying out; unless the colleges can foster and increase it, their work is profitless. A trained mind without a reverent spirit is a dangerous product. The whole question of religous teaching in schools is a pressing one. The colleges must lead in showing the solution."

—An Alumna in the New York Evening Post.

THE SOCIETY REFORMATION.

As far back as my own undergraduate days the society question was discussed and discussed. It was a favorite subject for Junior forensics because the pros and cons were uppermost in our minds. As the years passed the opinion strengthened that the societies at Wellesley were not in harmony with the finest spirit of the college. The college had kept pace with the world outside, and the awakened social conscience of the world was echoed in the college by a widespread feeling of unrest with the society situation.

In 1909 the societies held a prominent position in the college life. Their members were largely of two kinds, the natural leaders and the girls who, by their social training, and by their larger opportunities, were the most obviously attractive at the outset of their college career. The membership was more homogeneous than in the older days, and the society bond was consequently closer. The girls emphasized the societies, and their estimate of the importance of the societies was accepted by the rest of the college, because in the societies were the leaders of opinion. But the very prominence of the societies brought their personnel under scrutiny. The girls outside, comparing themselves with many of the members, felt that they were equally eligible, not only in intellectual ability, but in their power for fellowship. They resented the vantage ground given by society membership to a girl who had received it for no obvious reason.

There was little objection to societies in themselves. It was agreed that the societies could add much to the grace and charm of the social side of the college. The pleasure and profit found in the study of an interesting subject by a small unit, and in getting together socially under attractive circumstances, were generally admitted. The problem was to get such opportunities for as many girls as possible, and to convince the rest either that due exertion would win the opportunities, or that it was reasonable that they should go without them.

At the instance of the societies, in February, 1910, a congress of society and non-society undergraduates, graduates and Faculty, was called to consider a solution. It was necessary for the congress to remember certain truisms. A group of persons, to be a social success, must be small and comparatively congenial. Societies that are open to all are used by few. Department clubs do not flourish socially. Since girls will always form social groups, it is better to organize and regulate rather than to destroy.

After many meetings, the congress advised that the societies be retained, and that in the future they should each be composed of Juniors and Seniors, according to the following plan: All girls should be eligible who had credit in their studies, and who were in addition, either good general students or excellent in some one subject, or leaders in college life. The standard of eligibility should rise or fall each year, according to the number of vacancies in the societies. The girls must apply, stating their preference in the order of their choice to a central committee of students and faculty appointed by the Dean. The Societies, in their turn, to secure the degree of congeniality so necessary to their existence, must state to the central committee their preferences in the order of their choice. The duty of the central committee should be to get for each girl and each society as nearly as possible what they most desired.

The hope for the plan lay in the fact that while it sacrificed many minor considerations, it secured the two essential points. To the individual girl it ensured society membership with personal satisfaction, or non-membership without slight. To the strong society it gave a chance to fill its ranks with members whom it chose and whose choice it was in return, and so enabled it to preserve some homogeneousness and individuality. To the weaker society it gave equal numbers with the larger societies, and although the girls of college prominence would not be among them, less well-known girls often build up a society quite as satisfactorily,—a well-known fact, which accounts for the fluctuating popularity of the various societies.

The plan of the congress was accepted on trial for three years. The first year has passed. Some further steps have been taken—for instance, each society is to hold its open meeting but once every other year. Some mistakes have been made. There are still unhappy girls. There are misfits in the societies. There always were. But there is no grave discontent and much real satisfaction. Great credit is due to the girls for the spirit with which they have carried out the plan. More plans would succeed and develop if, in their tentative trying out, they should receive such hearty support.

Mary W. Dewson, '97.

SOCIETIES UNDER THE NEW REGIME.

A year has gone by since the new system of society organization in Wellesley began, and Wellesleyans, past and present, are looking for results. So radical a change cannot be judged with any fairness after so short a trial, but some general observations may be made, remembering always that the present conditions are those of a transitional period.

The new plan went into effect in the autumn of 1910. After a single year the situation is too much in a process of evolution to show definite results.

It is hardly fair to ask whether the plan has failed or succeeded, or to say what the final outcome will be. Some very general observations, however, can be made. It is obvious that, whereas, under the old system, society membership was too often a matter of chance, now every girl in the Senior and Junior classes has the opportunity to become a member, since her eligibility depends upon her own efforts. As a result, girls from all the varied circles of college life have been brought together; girls with widely different interests and points of view meet on common ground. It would seem, then, that in these smaller groups a most favorable situation had been created for the growth of real democratic spirit—of sympathy and understanding between people of opposite temperaments and interests. Whether or not human nature, in the mass, will respond, as theorists hope, is still a matter of conjecture. At present the results still depend upon the individual disposition and training, and no general conclusion can be arrived at.

A less vital result of the new system has been the increase in the importance and the publicity of societies. In the old days they were kept more or less in the background, and their activities were of minor importance. So much discussion of society affairs has somewhat stripped them of the glamor they once had. It is no longer a breach of etiquette to mention them, and Tupelo has lost something of its air of mystery. While it is a welcome thing to see them assuming a natural and unaffected position, it is exceedingly undesirable that an undue importance be thrust upon them. If they were less discussed and were allowed to go about their work more simply, they would soon find their proper level in the college life.

One of the particular arguments against societies on the old basis was that those who failed to be invited were hurt and embittered. Hurt feelings must have diminished somewhat in extent under the new system, but disappointment and even bitterness still exist. The fact that eligibility depends, not upon any absolute, but upon a changing standard, adjusted to the number of vacancies to be filled, means that some girls, who have not been made eligible, feel that they deserve eligibility more than others who have. Occasionally, mistakes are made; very often the reasons are good, but not apparent; more often it is purely the fault of the system itself. Perhaps more feeling is aroused by the interpretation and application of the "public-spirited service" qualification than by any other one point. In the first place, it is all too easy for the term, "public-spirited," to be too loosely interpreted. One finds a tendency in the college-at-large to consider any office, however perfunctory, or membership on any committee, however trivial, as public-spirited service. Too often, the mere title is considered, rather than the actual work it requires. The evils resulting are insidious and deplorable. It is difficult for the list of recommendations to be properly limited. In the matter of appointments, it is, and will be difficult not to give a position to the girl who needs it to become eligible, rather than to the girl who is already eligible, or who will be on some other count. It is not implied that any such laxness has occurred, it is merely a tendency of the college attitude, which many have noticed, and which, if not checked by strong public opinion, will lead to such undesirable conditions. Most serious of all is the tendency of this attitude to undermine college politics. Fortunately, the actual voting has not been affected, but there seems to be real danger of electioneering for girls who need offices in order to become eligible. Undoubtedly, service has been given a commercial value, but that it should be allowed to become commercialized or to fall from its high and ideal standards would be demoralizing, and would offset practically every good which the new system might create.

That the plan has worked as smoothly as it has, is due in no small measure to the unstinted interest and effort of the committees in charge. Their task is enormous and most difficult, a fact which all recognize and appreciate. Their devoted service has, indeed, prevented many difficulties and has given the system a fair chance to prove its worth. All who work for the plan, whether they believe in its efficacy, or work for it from a sense of duty and justice, know that they are toiling for something beyond an arbitrary system, beyond the college world. The societies are trying, in miniature, an experiment along lines upon which the whole modern world is working. It is this wider significance, this relation to more universal issues, which makes the task so vital in interest, so well worth thought and effort; which makes us, as well, more patient in awaiting results and more slow to judge.

CHRISTINE MYRICK, 1911.

ALUMNÆ AND THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION.

Perhaps some of us hardly realize that the College Settlements Association has an Alumnæ as well as an Undergraduate Chapter! We exist, however, and we care so much for the work we are helping to support that we are eager to draw every alumna within our ranks. We like to think that the Wellesley spirit is the spirit of democracy, and certainly there is no more beautiful way of proving this than by throwing ourselves into movements which are making toward the realization of this great dream.

Surely the Settlement is an expression of the democratic spirit. Seeking, as it does, to draw to-

gether people of widely divergent wealth and opportunity, that through knowledge may come sympathy, and through sympathy a sharing of life's privileges, it is a protest against the cruelly rigid stratification of a society in which the sense of human oneness seems so dormant. Seeking, as it does, to develop a more truly co-operative spirit in its own neighborhood, it is helping to create better citizens—citizens who will have a wider vision of their relation to the social whole, and who will therefore be more willing to accept individual responsibility for the public weal. Seeking ultimately, as it does, through investigation and through alliance with general movements, for social reform, to help in changing the unjust conditions behind the prevalent disease and ignorance, the Settlement is standing in line with forces working towards a juster economic system.

The methods of work differ with the differing needs of individuals and of neighborhoods. Sometimes the spirit of fellowship and co-operation may be best expressed through a basket-ball club, sometimes through a summer outing, sometimes through a medical dispensary, sometimes through a class in literature, and sometimes through a dancing social. Nor should any of this work be looked upon as "charity" bestowed on one group of people by another, but simply as an effort to achieve justice, since there can be no sort of real social advance unless the nobler fruits of civilization become the heritage of the many and not of the few alone.

The very name of the College Settlements Association signifies its peculiar appeal to us as college women. Representing fourteen women's colleges, the Association stands as a link between the college woman and the surging industrial life of our great cities. In four of these cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and—very recently—in Baltimore, the Association has planted her children, the settlements, and splendidly they are growing, and eagerly calling for more resources with which to meet their pressing opportunities for usefulness. The tale of their individual doings must be reserved for later articles, but suffice it to say that they have proved their value. Presidents and neighborhood dwellers alike testify—though in different ways—to a broader vision, an enriched life. With the modern demand for expert service, our Settlements have grown from, perhaps, rather sentimental expressions of brotherhood into more scientifically-regulated channels for the outpouring of the social spirit, but the sense of a sympathetic sharing in the common life has not been lost, and must be guarded as their most precious inheritance from the pioneer days.

As Wellesley alumnæ, and not only as college women, we have a special interest in this work, since our Alumnæ Association contributes annually to one of the joint fellowships for settlement training offered by the College Settlements Association, thus enabling us to have a Wellesley Fellow as our representative on the field. We stand four thousand strong now, but only about five hundred and thirty are enrolled as members of the College Settlements Association, and not over four hundred of us paid our dues last year! Nevertheless, we are not discouraged, for our chapter is growing; but for the sake of Wellesley and for the sake of our Settlements, we want our growth to be more rapid. Last year we raised $911.00. Can we not increase this sum by $500.00 during 1911-'12?

The fee for life membership is $100.00.

Sustaining membership dues are from $5.00 to $25.00 per year.

Regular membership dues are $5.00 per year.

Partial membership dues are from $1.00 to $5.00 per year.

The chapter tax for printing, etc., is 25 cents per year.

If appealed to by class elector, kindly send through her; if not, to the chapter treasurer, Miss Josephine Thayer, 11 West Street, Milford, Mass.

Will not each alumna who has never joined or who has dropped out, become a member this year, and thus help Wellesley to play a still more vital part in the "social awakening?"

The most convincing proof of the value of any work is the knowledge which comes through personal co-operation. So, if possible, spend some time—a year, a month, or even two hours a week—at 95 Rivington Street, New York, or 93 Tyler Street, Boston, or 433 Christian Street, Philadelphia, or 1504 East Fort Avenue, Baltimore. Terms for residence may be obtained by writing to the Settlements. Any service rendered will be most welcome.

ELEANOR P. MONROE, 1914,
Alumnæ Elector.

DENISON HOUSE.

In every girl there is, probably, at some time in her formative years, a period when she feels the altruistic principle stirring within her, long before she has ever heard the term, and she longs to be a nurse or a missionary or a charity worker, or in some way to be of service in ministering to others.

Then her school life and college life become so absorbing that she may never yield to the impulse, and it may never again be so strong. On the other hand, if she chances to come under the inspiration of a friend or a speaker who is alive with enthusiasm for humanity, the spark may be kindled and a fire lighted that will never burn out. Such a kindling of enthusiasm it may be interesting to trace in a special case, and if I may be pardoned a few personalities, I will tell my own experience:

In my childhood a wise Sunday-school teacher, who directed our energies outside Sunday-school in some degree, through a missionary sewing-circle, assisted us in raising money for the work of the Gulicks in Spain, the letter which we sent them with our gift arriving while Mrs. Gulick was entertaining Dr. S. F. Smith (America Smith), and his wife, who were on a tour around the world. Mrs. Smith was a neighbor of ours in Newton Center, and was so pleased with our interest that she sought permission to answer the letter for Mrs. Gulick. So a personal element entered into our interest, and we continued, for several years, to send money for the mission in Spain; and I myself fully expected then to be a missionary.

But about that time a cousin of mine, who was interested in the North Bennett-street Industrial School, took me, with my sister, one lovely spring day, to visit some of her aged poor in the West End; and the gratitude shown by them for the apple-blossoms and other spring flowers we carried them awakened a new line of thought, and I began to wonder a little if there might not be true missionary work to do right in our own Boston.

And my wise, big-hearted mother often sent me on errands of mercy in our own town, and thus again the altruistic principle was fostered.

But my first idea of going to live as a neighbor to those of less opportunity than ourselves came in our Freshman ethics course under Miss Andrews, who told us of a family of wealth who had given up their house up town (perhaps in New York), to live among the poor and be their very neighbors. That startled us and prepared us for the mass meeting, where Miss Scudder and Miss Freil, (Mrs. Shaler), and others told us of Arnold Toynbee and the workers like him in England, and of how they themselves proposed to do something like it here. Then and there the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlement was formed, and I became a most enthusiastic member.

After I left college, and other things distracted my attention, I allowed my membership to lapse; but the energy of Caroline Williamson (Mrs. Montgomery), got hold of me and drew me into work as treasurer of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter.

Two summer visits to the New York Settlement summer home cemented my connection with settlement work, and since then my settlement interests have always been uppermost.

And the more intimately one knows Denison House, the more one feels its inspiration. It is indeed worth while to be a part of a growing organization that is expanding and deepening at the same time.

Denison House started with one house in 1889, and now has five, besides the gymnasium. And here are carried on clubs and classes for those of every age, including two clubs for foreign-born women, one for Syrians and one for Italians. We have a summer camp for boys at Lake Wentworth, N. H., and one for girls at Winthrop, under the care of Mrs. Mary O'Sullivan, and for six weeks in summer we have a vacation school for boys and girls on Tyler street.

Residents collect in the neighborhood for the stamp savings, our nurse has classes in personal hygiene and home nursing, and some of the students' clubs prepare and eat their supper on club nights in the cooking-school room. And in all these lines there is ample room for the help of a resident who has no special bent, but is there to learn and to be helpful.

This year every room was engaged in advance, so that those who expect to be at Denison House another winter would do well to plan early.

Every one of us, after college days, whether in her own home or in her father's, in town or in country, must meet the problems of social betterment, and no place affords such wonderful training as a settlement, for it must touch every other problem of human relationship; and out of the needs of the neighbors will grow many an institution far more conspicuous than the settlement itself. And so a settlement is a foster-mother of its neighbors and of institutions for true betterment in more specialized lines as well.

For instance, Denison House started a reading-room and lending library, and when the need was great enough the Boston Public Library opened a branch near-by, which has for years been directed by one of our Wellesley girls, Cora Stuart, a most efficient settlement worker—that is, working in the settlement spirit.

When Dr. Richard Cabot initiated his hospital social service work at the Massachusetts General Hospital, he borrowed our Denison House nurse, again a Wellesley girl, Garnet Isabel Pelton, to begin that work with him. Since then he has carried off another of our Settlement workers, Miss Edith Burleigh, to join his staff.

Out of the work with the neighbors which Miss Pelton began has grown up a dispensary for the neighborhood, and a station for dispensing modified milk—now a part of the work of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association—with its clinics held at Denison House.

The gymnasium, with baths which we started, is now run by the city, which pays rent to Denison House. And soon the city will erect a Municipal Building which will house both the library and the gymnasium.

It is difficult to test a settlement to see what it does. One may count the number of people whom

it meets each week in clubs and classes, or one may count the number of excursions to the country which it plans for the summer, but none of these lists can possibly indicate the quality of the quiet, every-day work which Denison House is doing. It touches the lives of its neighbors, Irish, Italians or Syrians, through all the members of the family—little children, half-grown boys and girls, young men and young women, fathers and mothers—instructing, comforting and presenting profitable entertainment for them, as a true friend can.

And yet there is another side to all this. Is it anything more than palliative, this that we are doing? Is there any permanent good coming out of it all? We firmly believe that in every child made stronger, every young person made more intelligent and sympathetic, every mother made more capable, we are getting nearer to the solution of the problem of poverty which underlies all other social problems.

And so we believe that a social regeneration may come without a revolution, if we will only patiently tend the grain of mustard seed.

MABEL GAIR CURTIS, '90.

LIST OF ALUMNÆ WHO HAVE BEEN RESIDENTS AT DENISON HOUSE.

Miss Carol Dresser,
Miss Helen Drake,
Miss Cora Stewart,
Miss M. K. Conyngton,
Miss Susan Huntington,
Miss Florence Converse,
Miss Lavinia Smith,
Miss Ellen J. Wall,
Miss Ella W. Bray,
Miss Antoinette Bigelow,
Miss Margaret Waterman,
Miss Harriet H. Brown,
Miss Martha R. Spalding,
Miss Katherine Morse,
Miss Julia M. Burgess,
Miss Louise E. Balard,
Miss Grace Hillyer,
Miss Mae Rice,
Miss Elizabeth Manwaring,
Miss L. C. Emerson,
Miss Garnet I. Pelton,
Miss A. Walmsley,
Miss Mary A. Robinson,
Miss Florence M. Painter,
Miss Marion D. Savage,
Miss Geraldine Gordon.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, AND OTHER POEMS," by Katharine Lee Bates. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1911. Price, $1.25.

College women are sometimes criticized for their failure to produce original, creative work. "You bring us scholarship, teaching, research," says the community; "you give us admirable organizing and executive work; you put your ideals into a variety of useful, practical forms; but where is your creative achievement? Your genuine work of art? Your ideal expressed in shapes of lasting beauty?" In the main, the reproach is just. Yet a true sense of relative values would emphasize the exceeding preciousness of just this which is lacking. And when it does come to pass, that some college woman weaves for the spirit of the highest things a garment of pure beauty, and has, in the end, a true work of art to offer to her Alma Mater, it is as if, waiting her turn while other loyal daughters heaped before the Great Mother their large and noble gifts, the artist at last stepped softly forward and laid in the dear, maternal hand a priceless pearl. Such a gift is the quiet, unpretentious book in which all Wellesley rejoices to-day.

Professor Bates has rendered many valuable services to the college, and all so thoroughly in the spirit of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, that probably the half of them will never be told. But it is easy to reckon up the more evident: the exceptionally able, original and scholarly class-room work of many years; the brilliant books of travel, literary criticism, and translation, which have added distinction to her performance of professional duty; the unobtrusive but vital share in the development of academic and alumnæ policies; the personal inspiration, the large helpfulness lavished upon individuals beyond computing, both young and old; the lively sympathy with the undergraduates and comprehension of their problems, and the multiplicity of ways in which this sympathy and comprehension have been shown. This very MAGAZINE traces its origin to a germ planted by her and sunned in her fostering care throughout the earlier stages of its growth. Yet all these services, great and small, reach their culmination in the gift to Wellesley and to America of this modest book, beginning with a national anthem which is already far on its way to immortality, and revealing, as no other work of the author's has done, her deepest convictions on life and art. For they are uttered here in that language of poetry which is her most characteristic and only adequate means of expression. Her prose writings have familiarized us with her literary talent: but in this book we are face to face with genius.

Much of Miss Bates' verse is already known and loved by those who will read this review. Some of the best of it has been written by our unofficial laureate for college occasions. Peculiarly dear to Wellesley hearts are such poems as the memorable

hymn, "At the Laying of the Corner-stone" of the Library, and the rosary of profound and tender elegies for Wellesley's dead. Several of the other poems, notable among the nature-lyrics, either treat of Wellesley subjects, or obviously found their inspiration here. A careful but limited selection from Miss Bates' finest verse appeared, together with Miss Sherwood's beautiful play, Miss Jewett's haunting lyrics, and other poems highly creditable to the college, in "Persephone," the volume brought out by the Department of English Literature for the benefit of the Library Fund in 1905. But this book was issued semi-privately, and its circulation was naturally limited. A large number of Miss Bates' poems, however, have appeared in leading periodicals, and have become familiar in that way to an increasingly wide circle of readers. But the volume now before us is, to quote a recent review, "her first comprehensive collection, and the first to reveal to the public the wealth and range of her poetic power."

The opening poem, "America the Beautiful," from which the book takes its name, seems, in a special sense, college property, as its unique value was so early recognized here, and it has been sung on so many noteworthy college occasions, culminating in the recent Inauguration. Moreover, of the nearly fifty settings composed for it since its appearance in substantially its present form seven years ago, two of the best-known are those by our own Professor Hamilton, and by the Rev. W. W. Sleeper of the Wellesley Congregational Church. But this great national hymn has now been widely accepted in different parts of the country, and Wellesley is only too thankful to merge her smaller claim in the general ownership. With joyful pride we see our anthem taking more and more fully its rightful place, sung by great popular assemblies, eagerly sought for the new hymn-books, reprinted in countless periodicals, the lure of composers and the joy of thinking patriots, embodying, as it does, a passionate yet clear-sighted love of country in a poetic form of concentrated and virile power, yet so simply lyrical that it fairly sings itself. We do not ask that it should displace any of the patriotic songs already consecrated by the people's affection, though Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose artistic taste was so exquisite and so difficult to please, wrote of it that it "ought to supplant the commonplace, lifeless lines which we have accepted as our national anthem." But we believe that of all our national hymns it is far and away the best. (An accurate account of its history may be found in the current number of the Chautauquan Magazine.)

It would be a mistake, however, to rank "America the Beautiful" as its author's highest achievement in verse. Noble as that is, we find in her book a number of poems which equal or surpass it in rarity of thought and distinction of imaginative expression, while there are several which share with it that genuine singing quality so hard to find in our so-called lyric verse. The analysis of the book's contents which appeared in the Boston Transcript of October 27, 1911, so nearly expresses our views on the subject that we reproduce it, with some additions and minor changes, in what follows:

The volume is divided into nine sections. The subjects of the first eight are indicated respectively by the titles of their initial poems: "America the Beautiful," "Home," "The Ideal," "What is the Spirit?" "The Praise of Nature," "Love Planted a Rose," "Azrael," and "The Wander-Year." The ninth section consists of translations from the Spanish, and renders with masterly grace and piquancy a large number of coplas and other specimens of Peninsular folk-song. The prevailing tone of the book is a lofty earnestness, held in fine restraint by the large, underlying humor which is so characteristic of all Miss Bates' work. Occasionally this gleams on the surface, as in the bewitching lines to "Brother Canary:"

> "Little Laughter of God,
> Twinkling from rod to rod,
> Star embodied in fluff."

The more subtle and mystical poems, like "The Poet" and "Were Love but True" are balanced by charming genre pictures of the simplest human appeal, such as we find in the Falmouth pieces, in "Sailing-Day at Clovelly" and in "The Golden Wedding." Most of the poems are short; though we find admirably sustained work in the lyrical ballad entitled "Indian Bearers," with its strong, primitive imagery and compelling pathos, in the stirring Norse ballad of "The Sea-Path," in the three stately odes, and in two or three other instances. But the general brevity of the lyrics, doubtless largely due to the exactions of academic life, stands for a striking concentration of power.

> "A single line may live as long, God please,
> As all of Homer or Euripides;"

and the volume abounds in single lines, in quatrains, and other examples of strict compression, which are memorable for vigor of thought and haunting felicity of phrase. Such is the quatrain on "The Appian Way:"

> "What is the past? Didst find it where we went,
> Far out on that enmarbled Scriptured Way?
> We found the unappeasable lament,
> Bewildered cry of spirit over clay."

The thirty-eight sonnets distributed through the book are further illustrations of the same compacting tendency, combined with elevation of motive and distinction of form.

The considerable group of lyrics which, together with "America the Beautiful," make up the first section of the book, are charged with a fervid yet discriminating patriotism. A wider world-feeling is shown in poignant utterances on England's dealings with South Africa and our own with the Philippines. One notes especially the noble sonnets entitled "America to England," and the grandiose, reverberant music of the ode on Niagara, with its

"Splendid thrones unvisited of Time,"

and its

"Multitudinous thunders evermore."

In this section, as elsewhere, we find such inequalities of power as are to be expected in a collection covering the work of so many years. Thus the young exuberance of "Land of Hope" differs widely from the controlled and solemn passion of "To My Country." Yet there is thrill and vision in such early lines as

"Still through error and shame and censure
She urges onward with straining breast,
For her face is set to the great adventure,
Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest."

The poems of home center about Cape Cod, and in particular the town of Falmouth, the

"Fair sea-village, wrapt in its pearly haze,"

which was Miss Bates' birthplace. The first of these, written for the Old Home Festival at Falmouth, is a very fire-opal among the oftentimes dubious treasures of occasional verse. It reveals the poet's profound sense of those primitive values which are also eternal, and has that large tenderness of imagination which a discerning critic has pointed out as her peculiar characteristic. The Transcript said of it at the time of its delivery: "If the Old Home Festival at Falmouth had accomplished nothing more, and been celebrated by nothing more than the production of the poem by Katharine Lee Bates, it would have been abundantly worth while." The charm of these lovely lines follows us as we turn the pages to episodes of Cape Cod history in the later poems of the group. "The Falmouth Church" hymns in noble phrase the soul of the new theology.

It is proof of Miss Bates' versatility that each of her subjects in turn appears to be peculiarly her own. But her third section would seem to give us her rarest and most intimate verse. It opens with that exalted lyric, "The Ideal," which has been a "Sursum corda" to many earnest souls since its publication in the Century Magazine some fifteen or twenty years ago. This is followed by the picturesquely symbolic "Cape of Good Hope," by the subtle and trenchant "Opportunity," and by other poems of almost equal quality. All of them express the aspiration for the ideal; and several of them, since their author is what she is, express it in terms of poetry. Then come telling characterizations of individual poets.

Allied to the foregoing group are the poems of religion and philosophy which immediately follow it. These run the gamut from the deepest questionings of the soul, as in "What Is the Spirit?" to their outcome in cheerful, practical piety as expressed (very characteristically) in "Our Lady's Tumbler." Reverence, humility, absolute courage of thought, sincerity, hunger and thirst after righteousness, pervade these lyrics, whose deeply human tone calls forth a responsive note from the reader's heart. Among the most typical of them are the stanzas "To Truth," "The Remonstrance," "The Prayer," and "Thanksgiving." This division includes three pieces of Christmas verse, all of them exceptional in quality and workmanship. "On Christmas Eve" shows the possibilities of dignity and distinction in the graceful rondeau form. "The Kings of the East" is a series of triolets, whose captivating lilt Professor Hamilton has set to appropriate music. But "The Star of Bethlehem," with its stately choriambic measure, leads us through great sweeps of space and thought, and must be accounted, with "What Is the Spirit?" "The Ideal," "Spirits of Flame," and the "Threnody," as the acme of the author's imaginative achievement.

The descriptions of nature and records of foreign travel, in the fifth and eighth sections, are clearly the result of trained observation, as well as keen artistic perception. They get a peculiar vitality and appeal from the fact that with their melodious rhythms is continually inwoven the deeper "music of humanity." Some of Miss Bates' most delicious cadences are found in her nature-poems, many of which, like her national hymn, fairly sing themselves in the brain. Such are "A Song of Waking," "The Sweet o' the Year," and the exquisite "Gypsy-Heart," which won the prize of the Chicago Madrigal Club two or three years since, and is, perhaps, the most irresistibly tuneful of them all. The poems of foreign travel take us through Switzerland and Italy to Egypt and the Holy Land, then back to England and the sea; and preserve for us the fragrant essence of many journeys. Beginning with a series of rarely-conceived and executed quatrains entitled "The Wander-Year," they include lyrics which would challenge attention anywhere, such as "The Glacier of Bossons" and "Tintern," and some particularly fine sonnets, as those on "Abu Simbel," on "Furness Abbey," and "Matins." The ode, "To the Nile,"

"Mother of Egypt, sister of old Time,"

must rank with the strongest verse of its kind. Throughout its stately length one hears the imme-

morial flow of the historic river, and sees the changing panorama of the centuries it has outlived. And in the power and fitness of this ode's imaginative presentment, one realizes afresh the author's astonishing resources of diction, the extraordinary variety and distinction of the vocabulary she has made her own. In it the ripened scholarship of many arduous years joins hands with unique natural gift; while an occasional Elizabethan word or construction reveals the Shakespearian enthusiast. The last stanza of "Sea-Birds" is a striking epitome of human life:

"And shall the sea-bird quarrel with the sea?
To dip the wing in joy and then to be
Where broken foam, lost sunrise, fallen star
Hold court together, is it cause for war?"

The sixth section deals with love in its larger sense. Here we find passion purified and transfigured, clothed with light and music, as in "Heart of Hearts" and "The Victory." Here, too, is great-hearted friendship, as in the serene and beautiful "Mountain-Soul." Here is deep maternal tenderness, musing over "Baby,"

"The blossom a woman is fain to wear
Over the heart,"

and surrounded by little adoring faces of winged imaginings. Here is charity, the wide love of all, as in "The Quality of Mercy" and "The Fellowship."

"Feast me no feasts that for the few are spread,
With holy cup of brotherhood ungraced."

And here are other treasures of feeling and form, as in the Ariel daintiness of "Pot-Pourri," which was a special favorite of the late Colonel Higginson.

The mystery of death seems to have haunted our poet's mind from the days of her girlhood, when the loss of a student friend produced the touching lines on "Clara." The same large loving-kindness which appears in the preceding section is revealed even more fully in the division introduced by "Azrael." But it is now a loving-kindness "storm-writhen," like her own oak-boughs, content with no conventional view of grief, and finding its consolations only by unfaltering pilgrimage through the darkest recesses of the Valley of the Shadow. Yet the stark, terrible candor of "The Gates of Death" is succeeded by the divine joy of "Immortality." And the series of elegies which follows is wrought with a reverent and grief-transmuting art which fulfils the singer's own prophecy that

"Sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn."

One is reluctant to pass with a mere mention the tender loveliness of the sonnets entitled "The Rest is Silence," the unique charm of the lyric in memory of the Misses Eastmans' dog "Laddie," Sigurd's brother, and the most melodious ripple of "Yesterday's Grief," that radiant jewel-song whose concluding line we quote above. The final poem of this section is the great "Threnody," in memory of Sophie Jewett, beloved and lamented of all her Wellesley, but especially to Professor Bates, a friend unutterably dear. The "Threnody," written in heart's blood on the grave of a sacred sorrow, "seems," in the words of a poet of international fame, "to gather up all beauties under the sweep of a wide wing." Those who prize the classic loveliness of "Lycidas" and "Adonais," the comfort and uplift of "In Memoriam," the celestial gleam of Miss Jewett's own rendering of "The Pearl," we invite to the "rare surprisal" of this most modern of elegies.

"Any sex discrimination in judging Miss Bates' poems," says the Transcript, in concluding its review, "would be as invidious as in the case of Mrs. Browning. They reveal to us unmistakably a mind of unusual power, expressing itself in a wealth of beautiful imaginative forms, and in a rich and memorable music."

Wellesley must not forget, in its pride in Professor Bates as college poet and woman poet, her simpler and greater designation as American poet. When the venerable Longfellow, welcoming her with four college comrades to his historic study in the autumn of 1879, took occasion to praise her then recent poem on "Sleep," in the Atlantic Monthly, he was in reality passing on the torch of lyric fire. We rejoice in the radiance of that torch to-day.

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1912.

LECTURE BY MISS CHAPIN ON ATTIC GRAVE RELIEFS.

On Thursday evening, December 7, Miss Chapin, Acting Dean, gave a most interesting lecture to the Art classes on "Attic Grave Reliefs."

Miss Chapin traced the monumental art of Greece as far as possible by means of recent discoveries, from the pre-Persian period, which lasted until 480 B. C., through the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ, and then through the Hellenistic period, which, in a technical sense, extends from 320 B. C. through the Christian era.

The influence of the very great artists is expressed in the work of the artisans of Greece,—for the grave monuments are classed among the lesser works of Greece.

Especially during the fifth and fourth centuries, when the archaic eulogizing symbols no longer appear, and when noble ideals of grace and symmetry were everywhere finding expression, does the exquisite feeling for the round, the noble reserve in the expression of feeling, which is so characteristic of Greek art, make itself felt.

In spite of the fact that the grave reliefs depict with wonderful fidelity and detail the daily domestic life and temper of the Greeks, and in spite of the fact that their love of life and dread of death is over and over again made manifest, there is nothing gruesome in this art. The modesty and freedom of great women, the simplicity and purity of everyday life, the exquisite feeling for beauty of line, is shown in the figures of these reliefs, as Miss Chapin showed by numerous very interesting illustrations.

An especially valuable feature of the lecture was Miss Chapin's tracing the emergence of the true ideal of Greek art through the earlier cruder centuries until its final flowering—a process which can be seen in the grave reliefs with remarkable clearness.

PHI SIGMA CHRISTMAS MASQUE.

The Christmas Masque, presented by the Phi Sigma Society on December ninth and eleventh, deserves the highest praise, both on account of the admirable construction of the play and the excellent interpretation by the actors. In accordance with the general trend of the work at present pursued by the society, the scene of the play, "Saint Olaf," was laid in Scandinavia, at the time of the introduction of Christianity. Following is the list of characters:

SAINT OLAF.

King Olaf — Helen White
Harald, the Fair-haired — Myra Martin
Maja — Ruth Pepperday
A Shepherd — Ruth Hobbs
Gnomes, Norah Foote, Helen Whitney, Ruth van Blarcom.
Children — Ida Roberts, Alice Wormwood

In choosing for the theme the conversion to Christianity of a devout believer in Odin, Mildred Washburn and Norah Foote have been able to develop a play truly in harmony with the Christmas spirit, from beginning to end. It is alike beautiful in conception and in expression.

To the actors belongs much credit for the strong impression that the play made on the audience. The Scandinavian customs and morals seemed very real under the vivid, sympathetic handling. Ruth Pepperday, as Maja, carried strong conviction by the quiet earnestness with which she played her part. The acting of Myra Martin left little to be desired in the skill with which she depicted the hero's varying moods, while the interpretations of the other characters in the play were in accordance with the uniform high quality of the masque.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Friday, January 5, at 1.30 to 3.15 P.M., in College Hall Chapel, Student Government meeting.

Saturday, January 6, at the Barn, dance.

Sunday, January 7, at 11.00 A.M., service in Houghton Memorial Chapel. Sermon by Right Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts.

At 7.00 P.M., in the chapel, vespers. Address by Miss Miriam L. Woodberry on "Work Among the Indians."

Monday, January 8, evening, lecture by Professor Lester M. Ward of Brown University, at the invitation of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Subject: "Education which Educates."

Lecture by Dr. David Snedden, Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts, on "Some Problems in Education." Places to be announced later.

ADDITION TO THE SOCIAL STUDY CIRCLE LENDING SHELF.

(Alcove 5, College Hall Library.)

Rauschenbusch's book of "Social Prayers, for God and the People."

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The WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS is published weekly from October to July, by a board of editors chosen from the student body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Muriel Bacheler, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest will be received by Miss Cathrene H. Peebles, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Dorothy Blodgett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORIAL.

There are fifty thousand more women than men in the high schools, colleges and universities of America, according to an editorial in the Chicago Advance. Of course the greatest preponderance of girls is in the secondary schools, but the numbers seem to point to the fact that the educational and cultural advancement of American society is to be more than ever the woman's part. A rather sober New Year thought, and one which leads into many differing regions,—but there can be no finer, more stimulating word than "responsibility" to people who are working to serve, so the NEWS passes it on to you.

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"LABEL SHOP" ESTABLISHED IN NEW YORK.

At the time of the dramatic and moving strike of the shirt-waist workers in New York, many of us in Wellesley were eager to help the girls to maintain what their painful sacrifices had won, and the way to do this was evidently to buy articles bearing the union label.

At that time this proved difficult to manage, but now there is established in New York a Label Shop, most conveniently situated at No. 4 West 28th street. This shop sells goods made under good conditions for the worker, and all bearing labels guaranteeing this.

Goods may be bought on the spot or ordered by mail. An illustrated catalogue, showing dresses, shirt-waists and white underwear, will be sent on request, or this can be seen on the Current Economic Events bulletin board, at the west end of the second-floor corridor.

NOTICE.

On Sunday evening, January 7, the address at vespers will be given by Miss Miriam L. Woodberry, Secretary of the Woman's Department of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Miss Woodberry will speak of the work among the Indians. DOROTHY M. GOSTENTEDFER, 1914,
Secretary of the Missionary Committee.

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I.

Some minister said, a few weeks ago, "If more preachers pointed out the foolishness of sin rather than the wickedness of sin, there would be fewer sinners. No man likes either to be, or to be thought a fool!" Now I maintain—and I say it not because I consider it mere persuasive moral reasoning, but because I deem it to be truth—that the procedure of certain society girls, cited by an alumna in a recent number of the NEWS—that of pushing (or "rushing") their personal friends into official positions without regard to their individual fitness for those offices, and as a means to attaining membership in some society, is short-sighted foolishness. Must I prove my point?

I understand, perfectly, that the motive of the deed is most often that of loyalty and love to some personal friend. But that love, which ignorantly or wilfully blinds itself to the good of the larger number in the desire to serve one person, is not love. A Wellesley secret society is, I take it, a group of congenial friends, joined together in quest of an ideal for themselves, for the college world, and for the world-at-large. Congeniality of two or more friends is characterized by several or all of these elements: Common early training which influences the opinions and moulds the character into similar shapes; common environment, or social position; the magnetic attraction of one personality for another; the delight of supplementing the mind and talents of another—of being what the Hebrew text has it Eve was to Adam, the "completement" of another human being; and finally, best of all, the joy of working together for a common good. Those of us who lived under the old society system remember a few mistakes in our own judgment in choosing members for the society, and, of course, realized at once many more in the choices made by other people. The errors arose largely because we emphasized the less important elements of congeniality. The new system, on the other hand, possesses among other advantages, that of better judgment, for it substitutes for personal prejudice the decision of public opinion, as shown by the choice of a girl for some public office where she has an opportunity to show her ability. Furthermore, it places a higher valuation upon sincere and able academic work than has ever been set before. Why, then, should the undergraduates of to-day be foolish enough to revert to the disadvantages of the old system? The best society girls of the days of yore were those who were drawn by the ideals of their society, as shown either in the life of an individual or in the life of the society. Why, then, not wait until girls have shown by their ambition and work in other lines that they are worthy to join us in our quest for the ideal?

E. S. B., 1904

II.

Just a word about Sunday-evening vespers. Not attendance this time, but the manner of leaving. In the vestibule, after services are over, there is almost a "Barn" crush. So many stand around chatting in little groups. It would be so much more in harmony with our Sunday vespers, and infinitely easier for those who wish to reach the outer door, if everyone would pass along and meet their friends outside.

III.

We talk in a high-sounding way about conservation of national resources; and we feel quite important and very much relieved, as we tuck our note-books under our arms after two hours' reading on the subject for the next day's economic lesson. In one recitation we dispose of the question and can safely let it slip out of our minds (we have it in our notes, understand, Freshmen—cramming material saved up for mid-years), to make room for immigration or some other weighty problem.

In the meantime, a notice is posted on the library door, and house chairmen are making dutiful little speeches, asking us to please turn off the lights when we're through using them. We're learning to do it in the library; the click-click of the lights about us are some little aid to memory. But Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," perhaps even our distinguished Japanese guest, might very well ask, in crossing the campus at the dinner hour: "Do American lady students never eat? Even now I see lights in each window; surely the scholars are not already at work!"

We're proud of our scholarly atmosphere; but we wouldn't aid any such illusion as to our world-famed Wellesley. Instead, we must admit that the lights are a sign of carelessness rather than studiousness, and that we need more light on the question of conservation and our relation in a small way to this big question, and less light on vacant rooms and unused desks in the library.

PHILOSOPHY CLUB.

On the evening of December tenth, Professor Arthur Pierce, of Smith College, lectured before the Philosophy Club on the subject of "Aversions, a Study in Sub-normal Individual Psychology."

Dr. Pierce defines aversions as experiences more intense than dislike, but not exactly in the region of fear. The experiences are characterized as unpleasant, and attended by emotional factors and bodily commotion, such as shuddering, faintness, and nausea, with a strong impulse to avoid the object of the aversion. They are instinctive, and

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hence are instructive as a display of individual and racial characteristics. The points to be answered are: What is the origin of aversions? Are they acquired or congenital? Do they change? If so, under what circumstances? What is the quality and range of the physical disturbance?

From a large amount of material gathered from college students and others, Professor Pierce classifies aversions under four heads: those of sense, animal aversions, aversions to people, and miscellaneous. The aversions of sense include sight, hearing, smell and touch; manifested against certain colors, red hair, bumpy surfaces, squeaking or crunching noises, silk gloves, leather, satin, cotton, the odor of apples or roses. Animal aversions apply most often to cats, mice, snakes and bugs. Aversions to people are usually connected with some physical characteristic, as bulging forehead, popping or heavy-lidded eyes, clammy hands. Under the miscellaneous class come many strange aversions to the sound of certain words and gestures.

These phenomena are distinguished from mere dislike by greater violence and bodily commotion. The physical reactions are, rather, of the fear type, and the mental attitude is one of recoil. But the experience is not fear, for there is no alarm, and often a recognition of the harmlessness of the object. Neither is anger a factor; any aggressiveness or violence is due only to the imperative need of getting rid of the object.

The origin of most aversions is unknown. They are often the after effects of an early experience of fear, and may have, as further cause, the accidental intensification of a natural aversion which might otherwise have been outgrown; they may be the result of contagion, individual or social, as in the feminine aversion to mice. They are more frequent among women than men, on account of woman's greater sensitiveness, or the social factor which prevents men from giving way to their feelings.

The courses taken by aversions are various; they may suddenly disappear, diminish, increase, or be wholly overcome. That they may be overcome, is evident. They should be recognized as merely subnormal, not abnormal, and tried as oddities rather than weaknesses. They should not be thrust out as excrescences, but organized into the mental life—not by violence, but by a "gentle snubbing raillery." "Our mental balance," said Professor Pierce, "is not like a heavy, stolid steam-roller, but like a bicycle which keeps straight by swerving from side to side, and is complex and flexible."

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The offer is open to undergraduates of Wellesley College. The winners are expected, if possible, to read their essays before the society at an assigned meeting.

The essays are to be of about four thousand words, submitted under the usual conditions of sealed names, to a Committee of Judges appointed by the society, and are to be sent before March first, 1912, to the corresponding secretary, Miss Marie Ada Molineux, 2 Regent Circle, Boulevard, Brookline, Mass.

ARTIST RECITAL.

The first Artist Recital of the season of 1911-1912 was given in College Hall Chapel, December 4, 1911, at 7.30 P.M. The Kneisel Quartette, members of which are Franz Kneisel, Julius Roentgen, Louis Svecenski and Willem Willeke, rendered the following programme:

I. Quartette in C major.....Mozart
Adagio—Allegro
Andante cantabile
Menuetto (Allegretto)
Allegro molto

II. Two movements from Quartette in E minor, Debussy
Andantino doucement espressif
Assez vif et bien rythme

III. Le Desir—Fantasie for Violoncello, Francois Servais

IV. Quartette in G major, Op. 15...A. Kopylow
Moderato—Allegro
Presto
Andante
Allegro

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It has been said of the Kneisel Quartette that they play "as a single instrument;" this was one of the most notable features of the performance, Monday night, when each crescendo or diminuendo and every rubato, especially of the impassioned and highly-dramatic Debussy selections, were given with an absolute unison of feeling. The violoncello solo, perfect in technique and emotionally effective, was particularly appreciated by the large audience.

NOTICE.

The Wellesley College Record wishes greatly information concerning the following alumnæ and former students of the college:

2596. Fockens, Anne C. (Mrs. Chauncey H. Waterman.) 1886-87.
2686. Franklin, Lillian B. '85-6.
2725. French, Elizabeth Hamilton. '78.
2736. French, Maud M. 1893-95.
2746. Frisbee, Mary E. 1884-86.
2767. Fuller, Lucy E. (Mrs. Edwin R. Folsom.) 1884-85.
2770. Fuller, Marion Lovett. (Mrs. Louis Peterson Maynard.) 1887-90.
2791. Gale, Mary E. '86-8.
2810. Gardiner, Elizabeth Wickes. 1886-87.
2828. Gates, Georgia. 1882-83, 1885-86.
2860. Giddings, Madaline. 1885.
2864. Giffin, Ruth E. 1880.
2871. Gilbert, Kathryn H. 1909-10.
2880. Giles, Ellen R. 1892-93.
2883. Gill, Kittie E. (Mrs. Professor Burleigh S. Annis.) 1889-92.
2941. Gooch, Pauline. '83-4. (Mrs. W. S. Adkins.)
2967. Gordon, Helen M. (Mrs. C. Eustice Harrell.) 1893-97.
2981. Gould, Emma Eaton. (Mrs. Harlan W. Whipple.) 1888-89.
2994. Graham, Grace G. 1901-02.
2995. Grambo, Mary Abbott. '92-93.
3003. Gray, Eloise. '82-3.
3005. Gray, Helen Mar. '79.
3011. Gray, Mary Estelle. (Mrs. Walter Evans Andrews.) 1886-90.
3027. Green, Mary Somerville. (Mrs. J. S. Phillips.) '77.
3058. Gregory, Lydia J. 1883-84.
3067. Griffin, Edythe DeV. 1902-3.
3070. Griffin, Etta. 1902-3.
3110. Gunn, Edna C. 1909-10.
3136. Hale, Edna. '85-7.
3140. Hale, Olive Josephine. (Mrs. Everett Schwartz.) 1887-88.
3179. Hall, Ruth Griswold, 1879-80.
3189. Hallett, Edith M. 1905-1906.
3198. Halsey, Bertha M. 1893-94.
3218. Hamilton, Jennie Louise. 1879-80.
3229. Hancock, Edith Stark. 1895-96.
3251. Harding, Julia A. '86-7.
3255. Hardman, Grace Marie. 1899—.
3296. Harris, Sina Lee. (Mrs. W. Woods White.) '85-6.
3307. Harrison, Theodora F. 1904-1906.
3336. Harvard, Harriet. 1888-89.
3340. Hasbrook, Ethelberta. 1893-94.
3347. Haskell, Willa Louise. (Mrs. Henry J. Higgins.) 1878-83.
3368. Hatfield, Lola. '83-4.
3369. Hatfield, Minnie. '83-4.
3382. Haulenbeck, Ruth. B.A. '05.
3435. Heath, Evelina Belle. (Mrs. Alfred T. Halsted.) 1886-87.
3460. Henderson, Alice H. '81-2.
3466. Henderson, Mary Browning. '88-9.

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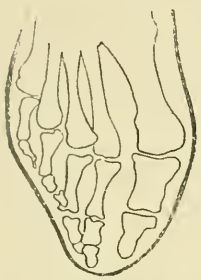

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